

THE GEM;

A Selection

OF THE MOST POPULAR AND CHOICE

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

TORONTO, ONTARIO:

W. C. CHEWETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, 17 & 19 KING STREET EAST.

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

It may be thought that with the present large number of Hymn Books for our Schools, there is no need for a new one, and that this is uncalled for. Those, however, who have the charge of Schools, or of the Music, well know that, numerous as the books are, not one of them is just what is required. They are, for the most part, the production of composers who, naturally enough, prefer their own pieces, and make the book to consist principally of such—good, bad or indifferent; hence, but a small proportion of the hymns in every selection are acceptable or can be regularly sung.

The difficulty in the selection of a suitable book, arising from these facts, has occasioned the production of *THE GEM*. The School with which the compiler was connected, was desirous of introducing a new book; several were examined, each of which contained some good tunes, but not any one was found of a character to warrant its adoption. Conversation with other Sunday School friends showed that the same difficulty was felt, and all admitted the desirableness of a book which should contain, as far as possible, the best pieces published. Hence, *THE GEM*.

It has been compiled upon the principle of selecting the best from every book, without partiality for any composer, or prejudice against any. What are felt to be the *gems* have been chosen. All the old favorites, which our children have been singing for years, and which they do not tire of, have been retained; and there has been added every new hymn which, so far as the compiler can judge, is likely to win its way in the School-room. Not one has been inserted without practice by a band of scholars, and their voices have joined in the decision as to its acceptability. The selection of the tunes has been made from *Oriola, Golden Chain, New Golden Chain, Sabbath School Bell, Second Bell, Golden Shower, Golden Censer, Diadem, Singing Pilgrim, Musical Leaves, Silver Chime, Anniversary Hymns, Happy Voices, Sabbath Chimes, Children's Hosanna, Canadian Warbler, &c., &c., &c.*

The Hymns without music are for the most part old favorites, such as are found in every Church Hymn Book; and the use of them will, it is hoped, be that link in the worship of the Church and of the Sabbath School, which it is so desirable to preserve.

A slight want of uniformity will be observed in the "set up" of the Book; this arose from the music plates having been prepared at a distance, not under the supervision of the compiler, and in one case a hymn has unfortunately been duplicated. It is hoped the value of the Book will outweigh these trifling drawbacks.

May the blessing of God rest upon this little book! May it help many youthful hearts to join in the Service of Praise, and aid in teaching them on earth the worship of the upper Sanctuary, and the more glorious music of "The Land beyond the river."

HENRY J. CLARK.

TORONTO, 1st October, 1867.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

The rapid sale of the first edition of *THE GEM*, and the very many kindly notices it has elicited from Sunday School friends in all parts of the Province, afford gratifying proof that it has in some degree fulfilled the wishes of the Compiler, and supplied a want in our Schools. It is pleasant to know that it has secured a place among the various denominations, and that in Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational Schools, it is the book which supplies the children's service of song, and that in hundreds of Christian families, its pages furnish the united Sabbath hymn of praise.

It was of course necessary to refrain from any alterations in this edition, which would affect its use with the first edition; the changes therefore are confined to the substitution of a hymn for the one which was duplicated on page 98, and the careful correction of a few musical errors, which from the causes assigned in the preface appeared in the first edition.

TORONTO, 1st August, 1868.

H. J. C.

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THE GEM.

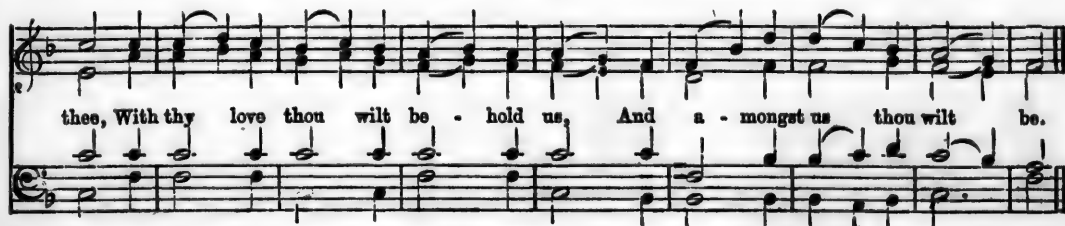
SABBATH SCHOOL TUNES AND HYMNS.

BEUGGEN CASTLE.

8. 7.



1. Ho - ly Sa - viour! thou hast told us; When we meet to hear of



thee, With thy love thou wilt be - hold us, And a - mongst us thou wilt be.

2. Lord of hosts! to seek thy blessing,
We are gathered here to-day;
Help us, all our sins confessing;
Saviour, teach us how to pray.

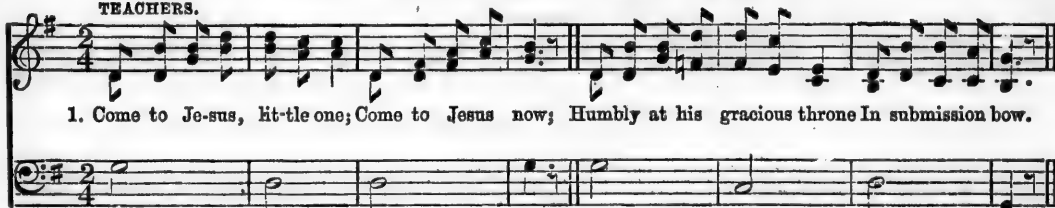
3. May the words we hear direct us
How to learn and do thy will;
May thy Spirit's aid protect us,
And with faith our bosom's fill.

4. Grant that we may love each other,
Mindful of thy holy word,
"He that loveth not his brother,
Surely cannot love the Lord."

COME TO JESUS.

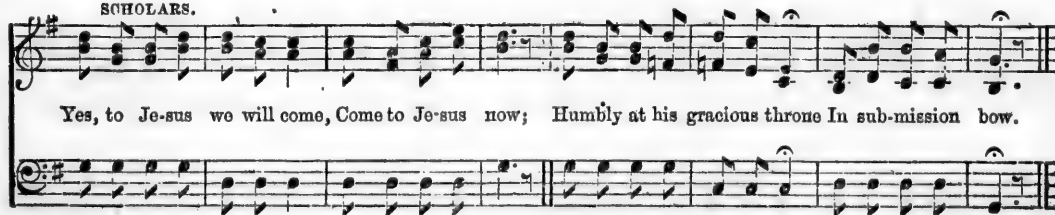
DIADEN.

TEACHERS.



1. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle one; Come to Je-sus now; Humbly at his gracious throne In submission bow.

SCHOLARS.



Yes, to Je-sus we will come, Come to Je-sus now; Humbly at his gracious throne In sub-mission bow.

2. At his feet confess your sins;
Seek forgiveness there;
For his blood can make you clean;
He will hear your prayer.

SCHOLARS.

At his feet confess our sin,
Seek forgiveness there;
For his blood can make us clean;
He will hear our prayer.

3. Seek his face without delay;
Give him now your heart;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.

SCHOLARS.

Seek his face without delay;
Give him now our heart;
Tarry not, but, while we may,
Choose the better part.

4. Come to Jesus, little one;
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at his gracious throne
In submission bow.

SCHOLARS.

Yes, to Jesus we will come,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at his gracious throne
In submission bow.

THE EDEN ABOVE.

A. S. HELL.

3

mission bow.

mission bow.

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ous throne

1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the king-dom of love, }
 { Ye wan-der-ers from God in the broad road of folly, O say, will you go to the E-den a - bove? }

Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, O say will you go, to the E-den a - bove?

2. In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish
 Can breathe in the field, where the glorified rove;
 Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,
 O say will you go to the Eden above?
 Will you go, &c.

3. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
 Ere from this clay house he is summon'd to move;
 Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished
 O say, will you go to the Eden above?
 Will you go, &c.

1. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove:
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hill of bright glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above
 Will you go, &c.

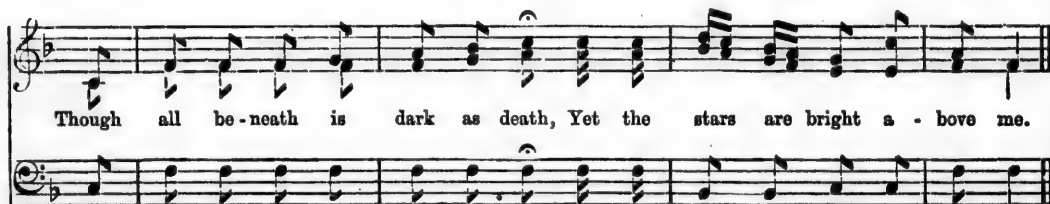
CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

SINGING PILGRIM.



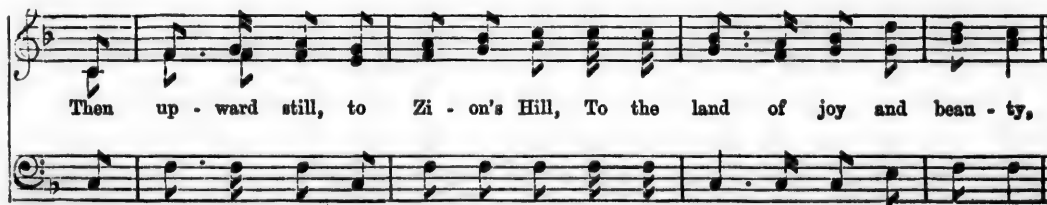
1. "I'm try - ing to climb up Zi - on's Hill," For the Sa - viour whis - pers "Love me;"

The first system of the hymn consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with a fermata over the final note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.



Though all be - neath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a - bove me.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features a fermata over the final note of the phrase. The lower staff continues the harmonic support. The lyrics are aligned with the notes.



Then up - ward still, to Zi - on's Hill, To the land of joy and beau - ty,

The third system concludes the hymn. The upper staff ends with a final chord. The lower staff provides the final accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.—continued.



"Love me;"



- bove me.



beau - ty,



My path be - fore shines more and more, As it nears the gold - en ci - ty.



SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

DUET, OR 2D SEMI-CHORUS

FULL CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus.



I'm climbing up Zi-on's Hill, I'm climbing up Zi-on's Hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zi-on's Hill.



2. I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."
I'm climbing, &c.

3. Then come with me, we'll up-ward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptur'd tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-rob'd immortals
I'm climbing, &c.

JOYFULLY; JOYFULLY,

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound to the land of bright spi - rits a - bove, }
 Je - sus our Saviour in mer - cy says, Come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, haste to your home. }

Soon will our pil-grim-age end here be - low, Soon to the pre-sence of God we shall go.

Then, if to Je - sus our hearts have been given, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before ;
 Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore ;
 Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

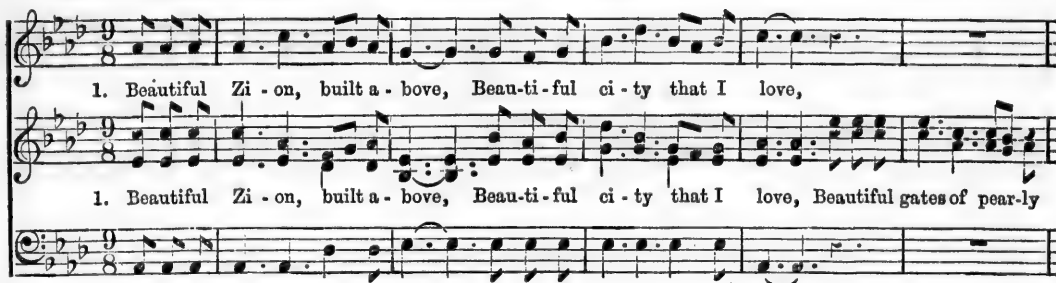
3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
 Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow ;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
 Joyfully, joyfully we will go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone ;
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

(This piece should be sung with three
beats to the measure, in *larghetto*.)

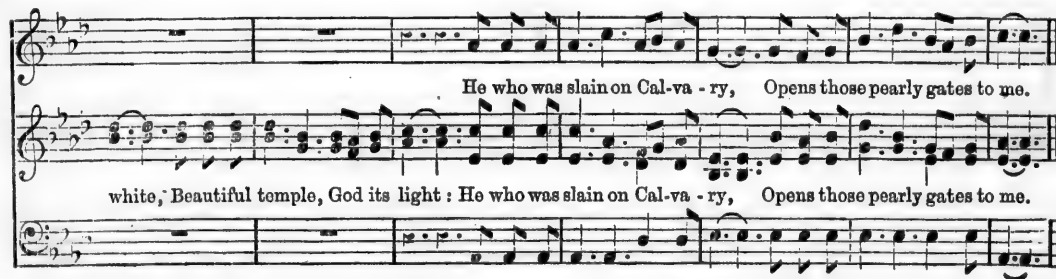
BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Canadian Warbler.

7



1. Beautiful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful ci-ty that I love,
1. Beautiful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful ci-ty that I love, Beautiful gates of pear-ly



He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.
white, Beautiful temple, God its light : He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, Opens those pearly gates to me.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir :
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet. | 3. Beautiful crowns on ev'ry brow.
Beautiful palms the conqu'rorsshow,
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there :
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long & sweet. | 4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease.
Beautiful home of perfect peace :
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me. |
|---|--|---|

SING OF A SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

CHORUS.

1. Oh! come, happy children unite in our song, Sing of a Saviour's love;
With hearts full of gladness his praises prolong, He is the friend we love. Then join in hosannas to Je-sus our King,

BOYS. GIRLS. CHORUS
Loud let the cho-rus ex - ult-ing - ly ring, Sing of his love, sing of his love, Sing of a Saviour's love.

2. We will sing of his mercy who for us hath died,
Sing of a Saviour's love;
Rejoicingly sing of our Lord crucified,
He is the friend we love.—Chorus.
3. We'll praise him for coming our souls to redeem,
Sing of his wondrous love.
Till earth's happy millions shall join in our theme,
Praising the friend we love.—Chorus.
4. Oh! do you not hear him now bidding you come,
Come to his arms of love;
Then why will you tarry for yet there is room?
Room in his arms of love.—Chorus.
5. Oh! come then, and join in the song that we sing,
Singing of him we love;
Join all your glad voices in praise to our King,
Praises to him we love.—Chorus.
6. Then glory to Jesus shall still be our song,
Glory to him we love;
For glory and praises unto him belong,—
Praises to him we love.—Chorus.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE,

SINGING PLEASANT.

9

1. Though trou-bles as - sail, and dan-gers af-fright ; Though friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite,

Yet one thing se-cures us, what - ev - er be - tide, The promise as-sures us—The Lord will pro - vide.

2. The birds without barn or store-house are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
As long as 'tis written—The Lord will provide.
3. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried,)
The heart-cheering promise—The Lord will provide.
4. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions—The Lord will provide.
5. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name,
In this our strong tower in safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power—The Lord will provide.
6. When life sinks a pace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—The Lord will provide.

JOY FOR THE SORROWFUL.

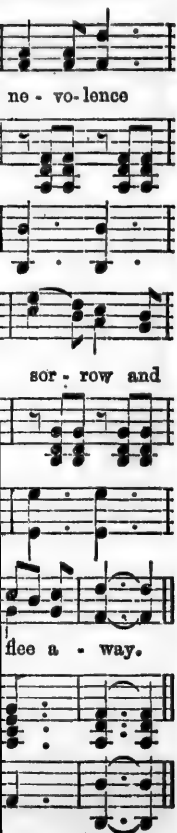
GOLDEN SHOWER.

1. Joy for the sor-row-ful, strength for the weak, Words of bo-ne-vo-lence

Je-sus doth speak; His pur-pose of mer-cy no pow-er can stay, For sor-row and

sigh-ing shall both flee a-way, For sor-row and sigh-ing shall both flee a-way.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.



JOY FOR THE SORROWFUL.—continued.

FULL CHORUS.

1. His pur - pose of mer - cy no pow - er can stay, For sor - row and sigh - ing shall

both flee a - way, For sor - row and sigh - ing shall both flee a - way.

2. Joy for the sorrowful, sight for the blind,
The dumb singing praises, the savage made kind,
The lame leaping high; these are signs of the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Cho.—The lame leaping high, &c

3. Joy for the sorrowful, laughter and song,
Among the redeemed who journey along,
All looking for rest at the end of the way,
When sorrow and sighing shall both flee away.

Cho.—All looking for rest, &c.

4. Joy for the sorrowful! Spirit of God,
If on toward Zion but feebly I've trod,
O, strengthen my soul, and still lead me, I pray,
Till sorrow and sighing have both fled away.

Cho.—O, strengthen my soul, &c.

TREMBLING EXPECTATION.

SINGING PILGRIM.

1. Full of trembling expect - a - tion, Feeling much and fearing more, Mighty God of my sal -

va - tion, I thy time - ly aid im - plore. Suffering Son of man be near me, All my sufferings to sus -

Ritard.

tain; By thy sor - er griefs to cheer me, By thy more than mor - tal pain.

2. Call to mind that unknown anguish,
 In thy days of flesh below,
 When thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of woe;
 When thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burdened with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3. By thy most severe temptation,
 In that dark, satanic hour;
 By thy last, mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power.
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Firmly.

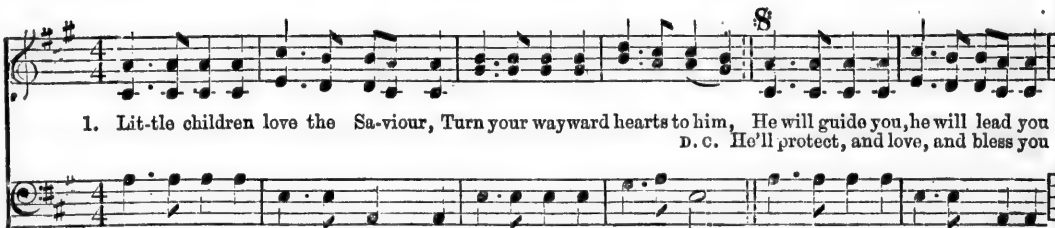
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
ban - ner, Ye must not suf - fer loss. From vio - t'ry un - to vio - t'ry, His
ar - my shall he lead, Till ev' - ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

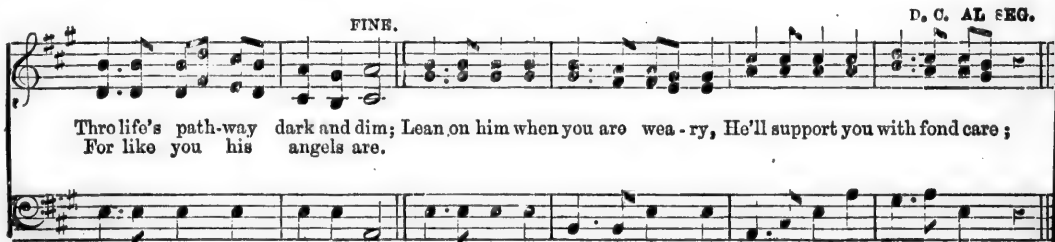
3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up! stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE THE SAVIOUR.



1. Lit-tle children love the Sa-viour, Turn your wayward hearts to him, He will guide you, he will lead you
D. C. He'll protect, and love, and bless you



Thro' life's path-way dark and dim; Lean on him when you are wea-ry, He'll support you with fond care;
For like you his angels are.

2. Far away from mortal vision
Lies a land celestial bright,
Where a band of white-robed seraphs
Chase away the shades of night;
Where ne'er comes a thought of evil
To disturb the holy calm
For God shields his precious children
From all fear of troubling harm.

3. Jesus died for you, dear children,
Died that you might happy be;
That you might from sin and anguish
Be at last for ever free.
Can you, will you slight his goodness
Walk in sinful pleasure's way?
And forget your daily duties,
Offering him your pray'rs and praise.

4. Oh! there's joy in rightly doing,
Never found in vice or sin;
Then obey the risen Saviour,
If a home in heaven you'd win.
Read the Bible: it will point you
To bright scenes of bliss on high,
Where there's rest for all the weary
And our lov'd ones never die.

THE SHINING WAY.

DIADEM.

16

1. The pear - ly gates are o - pen wide, I see the bright ar - ray; On either side the

an - gels glide, To keep the shin - ing way; And lit - tle chil - dren learn to find, The

FINE.

D. C. first four lines, of first verse for Chorus.

way by an - gels trod, When Christ's re - deem'd in un - ion walk, The Shin - ing Way of God.

2. When storms arise and darkness clouds,
The faithful pilgrim's day,
On either side the angels glide,
To drive the clouds away;
And brighter gleams the morning light,
Behind the gentle rod,
For Christ's redeem'd more clearly see,
The Shining Way of God.

3. And soon they walk the golden streets,
Nor walk they there alone;
On either side the angels glide,
To lead them to the throne;
And there they wear a starry crown,
While mortals tire and plod,
For Christ's redeem'd are those who tread,
The Shining Way of God.

OH COME LET US SING.

S. S. BELL.

1. Oh come let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swelling To God above, a God of love; Oh come, let us sing

1. Our joyful spirits glad and free, With high emotions rise to thee, In heavenly melody—Oh come let us sing!

2. Oh swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating;
His Son he gave our souls to save—
Oh swell, swell the song,
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
Whole youthful voices ring
With sweet-swelling song,

3. We'll chant, chant 'is praise—
Our lofty strains now blending;
A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise!

Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
"Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
And bowed his head and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!

4. All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending,
To bless our race with heavenly grace,
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit, reconciled
By Christ, the meek and mild
All full chorus join!

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

GOLDEN CENSER.

19

1. Noth-ing, eith-er great or small, Re-mains for me to do; Je-sus died, and
2. When he from his lof-ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die, Ev-ery thing was
3. Wea-ry, work-ing, plod-ding one, Oh, where-fore toil you so? Cease your do-ing-

CHORUS.

paid it all, — Yes all the debt I owe. } Je-sus paid it all.....
ful-ly done; 'Tis finished! was his cry.
all was done; Yes, a-gea long a-go.

Je-sus paid it, paid it all.

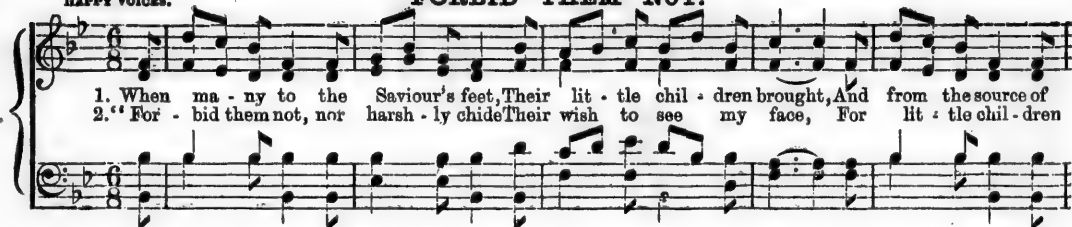
All the debt I owe, Je-sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

4. Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death,—CHO.

5. Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.—CHO.

HAPPY VOICES.

FORBID THEM NOT.



1. When ma - ny to the Saviour's feet, Their lit - tle chil - dren brought, And from the source of
2. "For - bid them not, nor harsh - ly chide Their wish to see my face, For lit - tle chil - dren



bles - ed - ness A Sav - iour's bless - ing sought; To some who with mis - ta - ken zeal Their
such as these My Fa - ther's king - dom grace." Then gath - ered in his lo - ving arms And



near approach for - bade, "Let lit - tle chil - dren come to me," The bless - ed Sav - iour said.
fold - ed to his breast, He poured a bless - ing all di - vine On eve - ry lit - tle guest.

3. Dear children, Jesus is the same,
Though now enthroned above;
He waits to bless you as of old
With his forgiving love.
He marks with joy each faint attempt
His favor to obtain,

And those who early seek his face
Shall never ask in vain.

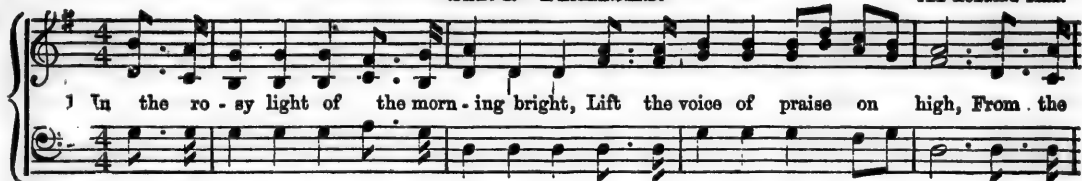
But sin prevents, and Satan strives
To keep you from his arms;

And to allure the soul away,
The world displays its charms;
But look to Jesus, for his power
Your foes can ne'er withstand;
Let him but say, "Forbid them not"
They'll fly at his command.

SING PRAISES.

THE MORNING STAR.

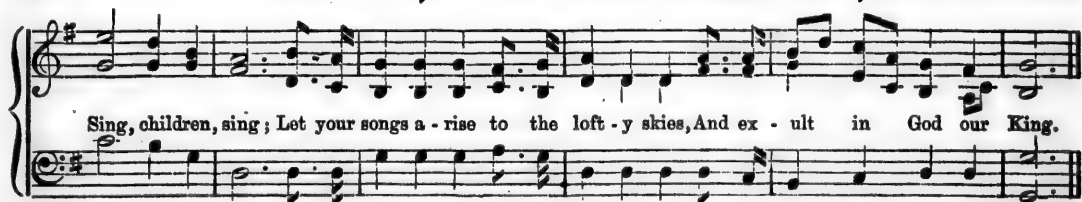
21



1 In the ro - sy light of the morn - ing bright, Lift the voice of praise on high, From the



CHORUS.
lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful ech - oes fly. Sing praises, glad praises,



Sing, children, sing; Let your songs a - rise to the loft - y skies, And ex - ult in God our King.

2. As he looked in love from the world above,
Our misery filled his eye;
And a world to save, his Son he gave,
On the shameful tree to die.—CHO.
3. Let his praise be spread, 'twas the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe,
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;
Let his praise for ever flow.—CHO.

4. Now exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights to bless us still;
Bends in mercy down, our young lives to crown,
And our longing souls to fill.—CHO.
5. On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.—CHO.

THE FOUNTAIN.

1. Oh, there is a foun-tain that nev-er is dry, The wounds of Im-man-uel that

foun-tain sup-ply: From a-ges to a-ges the crim-son stream flows, To

cleanse the pol-lut-ed and light-en their woes, To cleanse the pol-lut-ed and light-en their woes.

2. 'Tis there in his childhood a sinner may go,
And manhood may wash till he's whiter than snow;
And age, by his sins and his sorrows oppressed,
||: May find in the wounds of the Saviour a rest. :||
3. No vileness too vile for that fount to remove,
No sinner too sinful its virtues to prove;

If conscience reproaches, if terrors appall,
||: 'Twas opened for you, for 'twas opened for all. :||

4. Then come to the fountain so gushing and red;
A tempest of wrath mutters over your head,
And the moments of mercy are passing away:
||: Then come to the fountain, poor sinner, to-day. :||

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

GOLDEN CHAIN.

23

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's
D.C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare. By thy re - turn sweet hour of pray'r, And oft escap'd the tempter's

throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known : In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief:
snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
||: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :||

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :||

HOSANNA.

CHORUS.

1. { What are those soul-re - viving strains, Which ech-o thus from Sa-lem's plains? } "Glory, glory!"
 { What an-thems loud, and loud-er still, So sweet-ly sound from Zi-on's hill? }

let us sing, While heav'n and earth with "Glory!" ring: Ho-san-na, ho - san-na, ho-san-na to the

FINE. Allegretto. *Al Segno.*
 Lamb of God! "Glo - ry, glo - ry!" let us sing, While heav'n and earth with "Glo - ry!" ring:

2. Lo, 'tis a youthful chorus sings
 "Hosanna to the King of kings!"
 The Saviour comes, and they proclaim
 Salvation sent in Jesus' name.—CHO.

3. Messiah's name shall joy impart,
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:

He bled for us, He bled for you
 And we will sing Hosanna too.—CHO.

4. Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
 See David's Son and Lord appear:
 All praise on earth to Him be given,
 And "Glory!" shout through highest heaven.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

HAPPY VOICES.

25

1. Round the throne in glo-ry Hap-py children throng, And redemption's sto-ry Wakes the harp and song.

On the ver-dant mountain, By the shin-ing stream, Or the liv-ing foun-tain, Je-sus is their theme.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to the Lamb, Praise him and a-dore; Glo-ry to the Lamb For ev-er-more.

2. Robes of snowy whiteness,
Beautiful and rare;
Crowns of radiant brightness,
Those blest children wear:
Safe from death's bereavement,
Sorrow and the grave,
Free from sin's enslavement
Vict'ry's palm they wave.—CHO.

3. Now their skilful fingers
Sweep the golden lyre;
Not a harper lingers
In that ransomed choir;
Voices sweetly blending
With the tuneful string,
To the throne ascending,
Praise the heavenly King.—CHO.

4. Children now sojourning
In a world of sin,
From your follies turning
Strive to enter in:
Let your young affections
Round the Saviour twine;
And 'mid heaven's attractions
You shall sing and shine.—CHO.

JUST AS I AM.

1. Just as I am— with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am; and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot—

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

LOVE FOR JESUS.

HAPPY VOICES.

27

1. Jesus, how can I but love thee, Je-sus, so loving and mild! How can thy cross fail to
2. There in the day of thy an-guish, Mock'd by the guilty a-round, There didst thou suf-fer and

CHORUS.

move me? There didst thou die for a child. } Love of the heart, praise of the tongue,
lan-guish, Bleed-ing from ma-n-y a wound.

Je-sus my Sav-iour de-serves from the young, Je-sus my Sav-iour de-serves from the young.

3. Where are the friends that cling
to thee?
Thee they would never disown!
Now from a distance they view thee
Treading the wine-press alone.
CHO.—Love of the heart, etc.

4. Help me, my Saviour, to love
thee,
Though thy dear name is reviled;
Then at thy bar I shall prove thee
Saviour and Friend of thy child.
CHO.—Love of the heart, etc.

5. In that dear cross would I glory,
Which the proud world may de-
spise,
And let the wonderful story
Tune my sweet harp in the skies.
CHO.—Love of the heart, etc.

COME LET US SING OF JESUS.

1. Come let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend, Come, let us sing of

Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend; His ho - ly soul re - joi - ces, A - mid the choir a -

bove, To hear our youth - ful voi - ces, Ex - ult - ing in his love.

2. We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who wept our path along,
 We love to sing of Jesus,
 The tempted and the strong;
 None who besought his healing,
 He passed unheeded by:
 And still retains his feeling,
 For us above the sky.

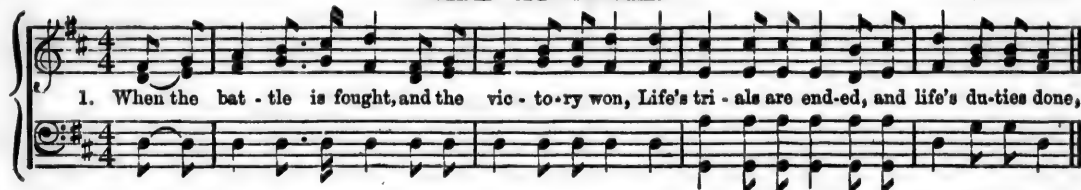
3. We love to sing of Jesus,
 Who died our souls to save;
 We love to sing of Jesus,
 Triumphant o'er the grave;
 And in our hour of danger,
 We'll trust his love alone,
 Who once slept in a manger,
 And now sits on the throne.

4. Then let us sing of Jesus,
 While yet on earth we stay,
 And hope to sing of Jesus,
 Throughout eternal day,
 For those who here confess him,
 He will in heaven confess;
 And faithful hearts that bless him,
 He will for ever bless.

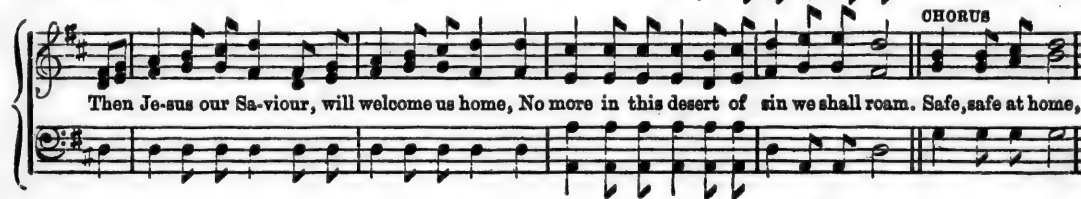
SAFE AT HOME.

GOLDEN CHAIN.

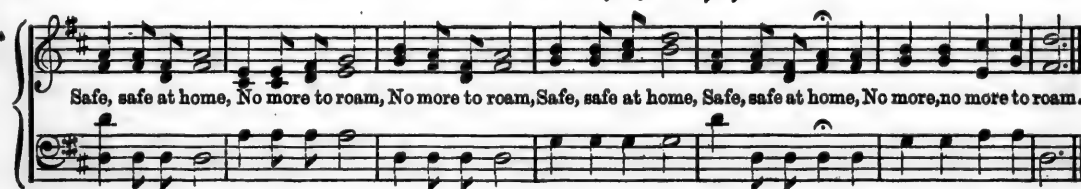
29



1. When the bat - tle is fought, and the vic - to - ry won, Life's tri - als are end - ed, and life's du - ties done,



CHORUS
Then Je - sus our Sa - viour, will welcome us home, No more in this desert of sin we shall roam. Safe, safe at home,



Safe, safe at home, No more to roam, No more to roam, Safe, safe at home, Safe, safe at home, No more, no more to roam.

2. The most youthful soldier will then have a share,
In heavenly mansions prepared for us there;
The song of redemption from infants shall swell,
As of Jesus, to wondering angels, they tell.

3. Though taken, from earth, in life's earliest morn,
The crown of our Saviour, we'll ever adorn,
More bright than the stars, will thy ransomed ones shine,
For the radiance, dear Saviour's eternally thine.

4. Oh, then will our hearts swell, with rapture supreme,
For Jesus, thy glories will over us beam,
Our minds, with the riches of wisdom, be stored,
For God will be known and for ever adored.

COME AND WELCOME.



CHORUS.



1. He invites you to come,
To his word now attend;
He calls you in love,—
He's the children's best Friend.
Come and welcome to Jesus,
The children's kind Friend.

3. He died that the souls,
Of the children might live—
He lives now in glory
Their prayers to receive;
Come and welcome to Jesus,—
Repent and believe.

4. The Spirit says, "Come,"
His gentle voice hear:
To day pray for pardon
While Jesus is near:
Come and welcome to Jesus,
While he is so near.

JESUS LOVES ME.

GOLDEN SHOWER.

31

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Hea - ven's gate to o - pen wide;

CHORUS.
 Lit - tle ones to him be - long, They are weak but He is strong. } Yes, Je - sus loves me,
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let his lit - tle child come in. }

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

3. Jesus loves me every day
 Watches o'er me lest I stray;
 From His loving mercy seat,
 Guides my trembling, erring feet.
 Yes, Jesus loves me. etc.

4. Jesus loves me; He will stay
 Close beside me, all the way,
 If I love him, when I die
 He will take me home on high.
 Yes, Jesus loves me. etc.

LIFE A RACE.



1. This life is a race, And brief is the space In which the great prize must be
2. At once then be - gin, Cast off ev - ry sin And weight that en - cum - bers the



won: Then do not de - lay, For hap - py are they, Who ear - ly de - ter - mine to
soul, And en - ter the track, And nev - er look back, Till safe - ly ar - rived at the



CHORUS.
run. } Run in the race, run in the race, run in the race for glo - ry.
goal.

3. When faint and oppressed,
Soms foe may suggest,
"T were better the race to give o'er;"
But do not sit down;
Just think of the crown,
And that will revive you once more.
4. Yes, think of the crown,
And let the world frown,
'Tis better by far than its smile:
It shall not destroy;
And as for its joy,
It only allures to defile.—CHO.
5. Awake then, arise;
Contend for the prize,
What glories around it are flung.
Oh fly from the path,
That leads down to wrath, [young.
And run for the crown while you're

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

MORNING STAR.

33

1. We three kings of Ori-ent are; Bearing gifts we traverse a- far, Field and fountain, Moor and mountain, Following yonder star.

CHORUS.

Oh star of wonder, star of night, Star with royal beauty bright, Westward leading, Still proceeding, Guide us to the perfect Light.

2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again—
King for ever.
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.—CHO.

3. Frankincense to offer have I:
Incense owns a deity nigh;
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship him God on high.—CHO.

4. Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gath'ring gloom—
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb. CHO.

5. Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Heaven singing
Hallelujah;
Joyous, the earth replies.—CHO.

SILVER FOUNTAIN.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where
 2. There's a beau-ti-ful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions a-bove where

CHORUS.

pleas-ure is, There, brother,'s a home for thee. } A beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, A
 all is love, There, brother,'s a rest for thee. }

beau-ti-ful home for thee; { In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother,'s a home for thee.
 In those mansions a-bove where all is love, There, brother,'s a rest for thee.

3. There's a beautiful crown for thee,
 A crown, a crown for thee, [brother,
 When the battle is done, and the
 victory won,

Our Saviour will give it to thee.
 CHO.—A beautiful crown for thee.

4. There's a beautiful robe for thee,
 brother,
 A robe, a robe for thee;
 A robe of white, so pure and bright,
 A glorious robe for thee.

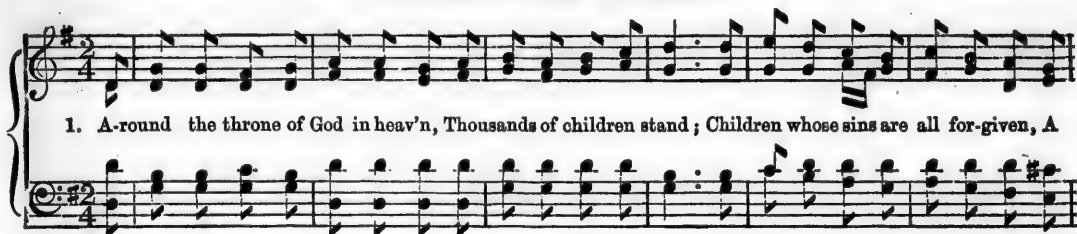
CHO.—A beautiful robe for thee.

5. Wilt seek that beautiful home, broth-
 That home, that home above; [er,
 In that land of light, where all is
 bright,

That land where all is love?
 CHO.—A beautiful home for thee.

AROUND THE THRONE.

35



1. A-round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand ; Children whose sins are all for-given, A



ho - ly hap - py band, Sing-ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

2. In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
3. What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love ?
How came those children there ?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

4. Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin :
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name ;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

HAPPY VOICES.

WONT YOU VOLUNTEER?

1. { Come, boys, come, girls, wont you vol - un - teer ? If you'd reign in hea - ven above, you must bat - tle here ; }
 Say not, say not, We are weak and few ; On - ly bat - tle for the right, God will strengthen you. }

CHORUS.

March on, march on, sing - ing as you go ; March on, march on, do not fear the foe ;

March on, march on, sing - ing as you go ; March on, march on, do not fear the foe.

2. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer ?
 Youthful soldiers of the cross, to our ranks repair :
 List not, list not to the world and sin,
 Turn away from foes without, and from foes within.
 CHO.—March on, march on, etc.

3. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer ?
 Jesus bought you with his blood ; how can you forbear ?

Sinful, dying, to your help he flew :
 Wont you love and live for him who has died for you ?
 CHO.—March on, march on, etc.

4. Come, boys, come, girls, wont you volunteer ?
 Soon the vict'ry shall be yours, if you persevere ;
 Singing, shining, on a heavenly throne,
 You shall strike a harp of gold and wear a golden crown.

1. Oh

Who

And

2. Oh ! we
 When
 And re
 And

3. Oh ! we
 But v
 We wot
 Some

OH, WE LOVE TO COME.

S. S. BELL.

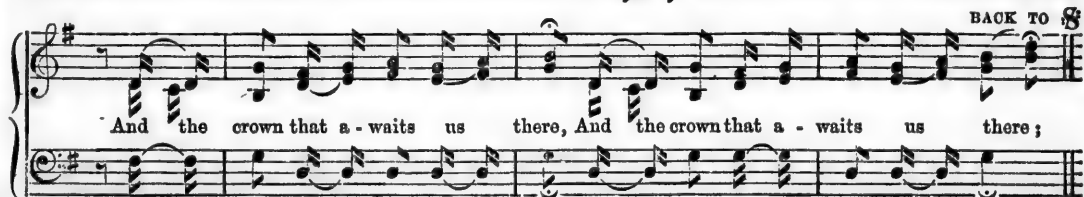
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1. Oh! we love to come to our Sab-bath home, And learn of our teach-ers dear,



Who points us with love, to our home a-bove, And the crown that a-waits us there.



And the crown that a-waits us there, And the crown that a-waits us there;

2. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love Him more.
3. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
But we would not come alone;
We would each bring in, from the depths of sin,
Some wretched, wandering one.

4. Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
Who know not of God or heaven,
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast,
Which our Father's love hath given.
5. Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

1. Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glo - ry, A home when life's

The first system of the musical score for 'Bright Hills of Glory'. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics '1. Oh, give me a harp on the bright hills of glo - ry, A home when life's' are written below the staff.

sor - rows are o're, Where joys that a - wait the meek and the low - ly. Will

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'sor - rows are o're, Where joys that a - wait the meek and the low - ly. Will' are written below the staff.

Full Chorus. f
more than lost E - den re - store, Where the new song of glo - ry, Is the

The third system of the musical score, marked 'Full Chorus. f'. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'more than lost E - den re - store, Where the new song of glo - ry, Is the' are written below the staff.

BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY,—Continued.

89

theme of the ho - ly, And the ransomed are safe e - ver - more. Where the new song of

glo - ry Is the theme of the ho - ly, And the ransomed are safe e - ver - more.

2. Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the river,
Escorted by angels along;
And with them adore the Bounteous Giver,
Whose love is rehearsed by the throng
CHO.—Where the new song is given
To the loved ones in heaven
And the angels re-echo the song.

3. There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions for ever,
And bask in the fulness of love,
Where fields are all bright with flowrets that never,
Shall wither in Eden above.
CHO.—There the new song of pardon,
Is the theme o'er Jordan,
And each harp swells the chorus of love.

4. Oh, who has prepared this banquet of pleasures
In the heaven's sweet bower of rest!
And bid us partake of all its rich treasures,
And waits now to welcome each guest?
CHO.—It is Jesus our Saviour,
And we'll praise him for ever,
When we're safe in those mansions of rest.

THE GOLDEN CITY.



1. We seek the gold - en ci - ty, The ci - ty of our King, And
2. Its walls are built of jas - per, Its streets are of pure gold; And



as we jour - ney thith - er, We joy - ful - ly will sing.
count - less are the glo - ries, Which we shall there be - - hold.

CHORUS.



Come, friends, come, friends, to - geth - er let us sing, Of the Gold - en

THE GOLDEN CITY.—Continued.

41

Ci - - ty. The beau - ti - ful Gold - - en Ci - - ty,

Of the Gold - en Ci - ty. The Ci - ty of our King.

3. The pearly gates stand open,
For there they have no night;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle,
The Lamb—He is their light.
CHO.—Come, friends, come, &c.

4. And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin;
For nought that worketh evil,
Shall ever enter in.
CHO.—Come, friends, come, &c.

5. And there Life's crystal river
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations,
Close by its waters grow.
CHO.—Come, friends, come, &c.

6. But through the Golden City,
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Saviour,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King!
CHO.—Come, friends, come, &c.

HAPPY DAY, HAPPY DAY,

CHORUS.

1 { Preserved by thine Almighty po - wer, O Lord, our Ma-ker, Saviour, King, }
And brought to see this hap-py hour, We come thy praises here to sing. } Hap - py day, hap - py
d.c. Hap - py day, hap - py

2 { We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mercies given, }
Oh, may we still those mercies share, And taste the joy of sins for-given. } Hap - py day, hap - py
d.c. Hap - py day, hap - py

END.

End with 2nd Strain. §

day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay. And at thy footstool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins away.
day, When Christ shall wash our sins away.

day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay. And at thy footstool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins away.
day, When Christ shall wash our sins away.

3. We praise thee for the joyful news,
Of pardon through our Saviour's blood:
O Lord, incline our hearts to choose,
The road to happiness and God.
Chorus.—Happy day, &c.

4. And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars, round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
Chorus.—Happy day, &c.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

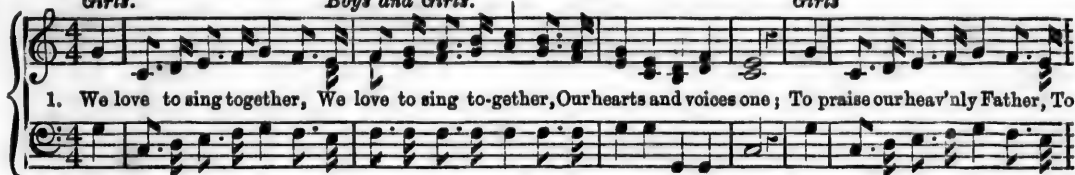
A. S. BELL

40

Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Girls



1. We love to sing together, We love to sing to-gether, Our hearts and voices one; To praise our heav'nly Father, To

Boys and Girls.

Girls.



praise our heav'nly Fa-ther, And his e - ter-nal Son. We love, we love, we love, we love, we

CHORUS.



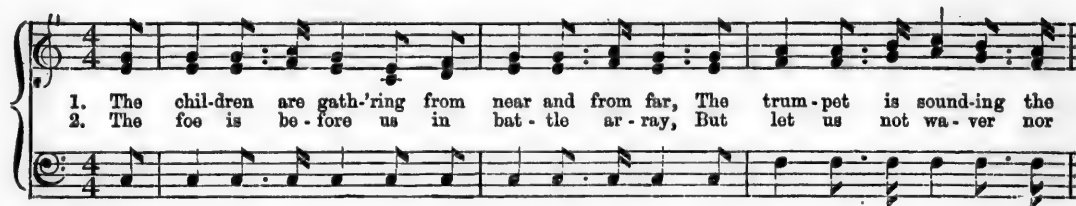
love to sing to - ge - ther; We love, we love, we love, we love, we love to sing to - ge - ther.

2. We love to pray together,
To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
Accept us as his own.
We love, we love, &c.

3. We love to read together,
The Word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
To guide our early youth.
We love, we love, &c.

4. We love to be together,
Upon the Sabbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, we love, &c.

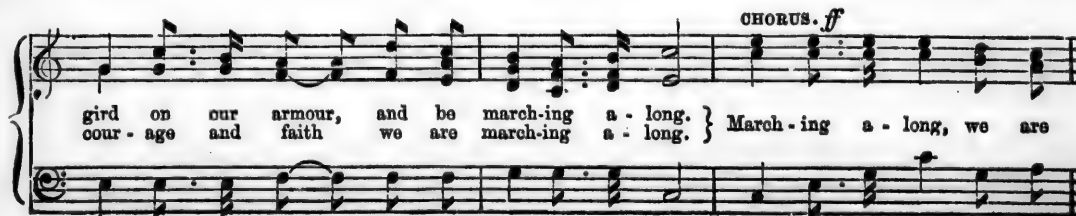
MARCHING ALONG.



1. The chil-dren are gath'-ring from near and from far, The trum-pet is sound-ing the
 2. The foe is be-fore us in bat-tle ar-ray, But let us not wa-ver nor



call for the war, The con-flict is raging, 't will be fear-ful and long, We'll
 turn from the way, The Lord is our strength, be this ev-er our song, With



CHORUS. *ff*
 gird on our armour, and be march-ing a-long. } March-ing a-long, we are
 our-age and faith we are march-ing a-long. }

MARCHING ALONG.—Continued.

the
nor

march-ing a - long, Gird on the ar-mour, and be march-ing a - long, The

We'll
With

conflict is raging, 'twill be fear-ful and long, Then gird on the armour and be march-ing a - long.

3. We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield,
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin,
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.
Chorus.—Marching along, &c.

SWEETLY SINGING.



1. I know 'tis Je - sus loves my soul, And makes the wounded sin - ner whole;
Cho. Staccato.—Sweetly, sweet-ly, sweet-ly singing, Let us praise him, praise him, praise him, bringing

Repeat Chorus, Soft.



My nature is by sin de - filed, Yet Je - sus loves a lit - tle child.
 Happy voi-ces, voi-ces, voi - ces, ring-ing, Like the songs of an - gels a - round the throne.

2. How kind is Jesus, O how good!
 'Twas for my soul he shed his blood:
 For children's sake he was reviled
 For Jesus loves a little child.
 Sweetly singing, &c.
3. When I offend by thought or tongue,
 Omit the right, or do the wrong,

If I repent, he's reconciled,
 For Jesus loves a little child.
 Sweetly singing, &c.

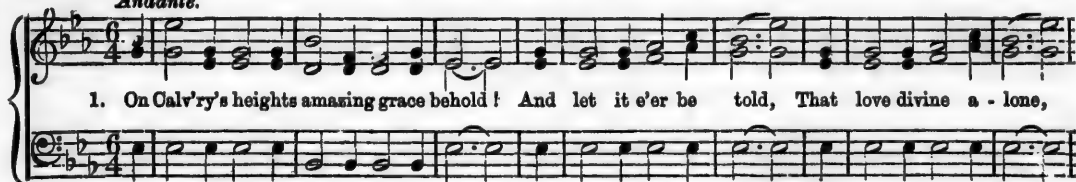
4. To me may Jesus now impart,
 Although so young, a gracious heart;
 Alas, I'm oft by sin defiled,
 Yet Jesus loves a little child.
 Sweetly singing, &c.

ON CALVARY'S HEIGHTS.

GOLDEN CHAIN.

47

Andante.



1. On Calv'ry's heights amazing grace behold ! And let it e'er be told, That love divine a - lone,



CHORUS, *f*
Could thus for sin a - tone. On Calv'ry's heights, on Calv'ry's heights, Amazing love be - hold.

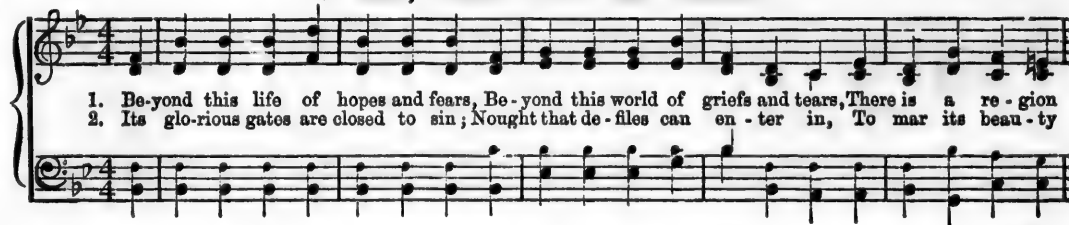
2. On Calv'ry's heights the one Redeemer dies !
The heavenly message flies
With pardon full to give—
That all who look may live.
On Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold !

3. On Calv'ry's heights a dying Saviour pleads,
For rebels intercedes ;
He sets the captive free,
A son and heir to be.
On Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold !

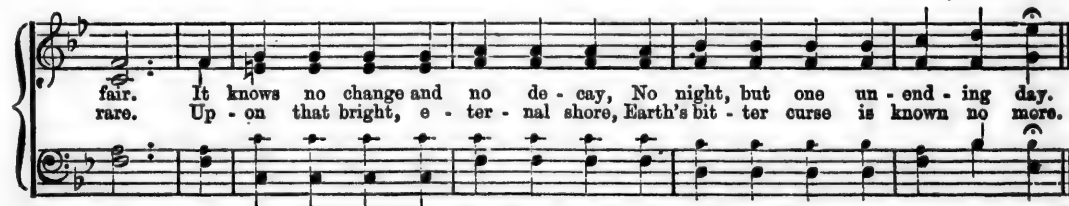
4. To Calv'ry's heights the little children bring ;
Permit them there to cling,
Forbid them not, He cries,
Of such my kingdom is.
On Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold !

5. On Calv'ry's heights Faith spreads her eager wings,
While hope exultant sings ;
Love doth the conquest win,
Victor of death and sin.
On Calv'ry's heights,
Amazing love behold !

O SAY, WILL YOU BE THERE?

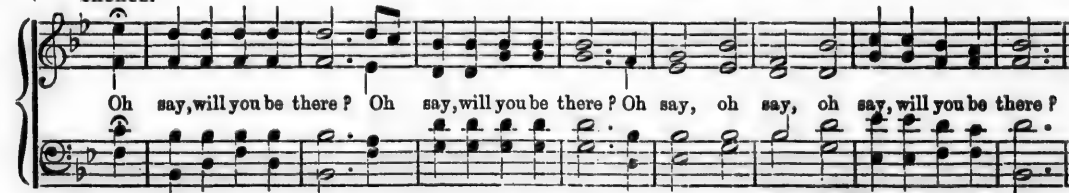


1. Be-yond this life of hopes and fears, Be-yond this world of griefs and tears, There is a re-gion
2. Its glo-rious gates are closed to sin; Nought that de-files can en-ter in, To mar its beau-ty



fair. It knows no change and no de-cay, No night, but one un-end-ing day.
rare. Up-on that bright, e-ter-nal shore, Earth's bit-ter curse is known no more.

CHORUS.



Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, oh say, oh say, will you be there?

3. No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow,
O say, will you be there?
4. Who shall be there? The lowly here—
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare!
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—
Oh, they shall all be there!
5. Those who have learnt at Jesus' cross,
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that his love they share;
Who, gazing on the Crucified.
By faith can say, "For me he died;"
Oh, they shall all be there!

GOD IS THERE.

S. S. BELL.

49



1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light, and fair Morn a - far pro - claim - eth,

DUET



Sweetly "God is there," Sweetly "God is there." When the spring is wreath-ing Flowers rich and



rare, On each leaf is writ - ten, "Nature's God is there," "Nature's God is there."

2. When the storm is howling
Thro' the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
Tells us "God is there,"
All the wide world's treasures,
Rich, or garnd, or fair,
In each feature beareth,
Graven, "God is there."

3. In the Sabbath school-room,
As we join in prayer,
Each devout petition,
Tells us "God is there."
Kindly, teachers point us,
With regard and care,
To the heavenly mansions,
Saying "God is there."

4. Let us learn those lessons,
Taught us every where;
If to evil tempted,
Think that "God is there."
Then at last with angels,
Ever bright and fair,
We'll strike our harps in heaven,
And see, "God is there."

O, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

1. O, we are vo-lun-teers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our Cap-tain's word;
 2. The glo-ry of our flag is the em-blom of the dove, Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;

We are under marching orders to take the bat-tle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
 We go forth, but not to bat-tle for earthly honours vain, 'Tis a bright im-mor-tal crown that we seek to gain.

CHORUS.

Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our Cap-tain, we ral-ly at his word;

Sharp will be the con-flict with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a Lead-er, we are sure to win.

3. Our foe
 ever
 Envy, a
 They ar
 to a
 We mu
 driv



2. B
 B
 B

3. Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side—
 Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
 They are cruel, fierce, and strong, ever ready to attack;
 We must watch and fight and pray, if we'd drive them back.

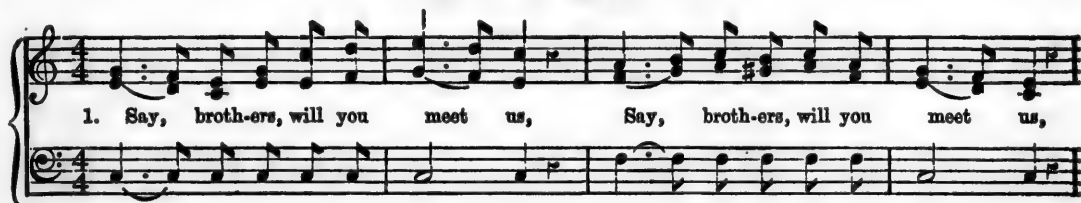
CHORUS.

4. O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
 Glorious in the kingdom of Christ our Lord;
 It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
 And His people shall be blessed for evermore.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.
 Come and join the army, the army of the Lord,
 Jesus is our Captain, we rally at his word;
 Sharp will be the conflict with the powers of sin,
 But with such a leader we are sure to win.

WILL YOU MEET US?



1. Say, broth-ers, will you meet us, Say, broth-ers, will you meet us,



Say, broth-ers, will you meet us, On Ca-naan's hap-py shore?

2. By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 By the grace of God we'll meet you.
 Where parting is no more.

3. Jesus lives and reigns for ever,
 Jesus lives and reigns for ever,
 Jesus lives and reigns for ever,
 On Canaan's happy shore.

4. Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 For ever, evermore.

WHO SHALL SING, IF NOT THE CHILDREN.

FINE.

1. { Who shall sing, if not the children? Did not Je - sus die for them? }
 May they not, with oth - er jew - els, Spar - kle in his di - a - dem? }
 D. C. Why, un - less the song of hea - ven, They be - gin to prac - tice here?

Why to them were voi - ces giv - en— Bird-like voi - ces, sweet and clear?

2. There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned;
 Is not this the same, perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned?

3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will He, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 On His throne of glory seated,
 Still He loves to hear them sing;
 Loves to hear their glad some voices,
 Praise their Maker, Saviour, King.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

GOLDEN CHAIN

53

1. { The gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing, The gospel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore. }
 All who would ship for glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor. }

The first system of musical notation for 'The Gospel Ship'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is a simple, hymn-like tune.

Glory, halle - lu - jah ! All on board are sweetly singing, Glory, halle - lujah ! Halle-lu-jah to the Lamb.

The second system of musical notation for 'The Gospel Ship'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Glory, halle - lu - jah ! All on board are sweetly singing, Glory, halle - lujah ! Halle-lu-jah to the Lamb.' are written below the treble staff.

2. She has landed many thousands,
 Thousands, thousands,
 She has landed many thousands,
 On fair Canaan's happy shore ;
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Sailing, sailing,
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Yet there's room for thousands more.
 Glory, hallelujah, &c.

3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Breezes, breezes,
 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly glides the ship along,
 Her company are singing,
 Singing, singing,
 Her company are singing,
 Glory, glory is their song.
 Glory, hallelujah, &c.

4. Take passage now for glory,
 Glory, glory,
 Take passage now for glory,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled sea ;
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy, happy,
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy through eternity.
 Glory, hallelujah, &c.

WE ARE ON OUR JOURNEY HOME.



1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone, We shall meet around the throne, Where he



makes his people one, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Jeru - sa - lem, Jeru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

2. We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, &c.

3. O thou glory, shining far
From the never-setting sun!
O thou trembling morning star!
Soon our journey will be done
To the new Jerusalem.
Jerusalem, &c.

4. O thou holy, heavenly home!
O sweet rest, eternal there!
When shall all the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem?
Jerusalem, &c.

5. O! our hearts are longing now,
Heavenly mansions, fair to see;
Blessed Lord! thy heavens bow,
Raise, Oh raise us up to thee,
To the new Jerusalem.
Jerusalem, &c.

WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

GOLDEN SONGS.

55

1. We are com-ing, bless-ed Sa-viour, We hear thy gen-tle voice; We would be thine for

CHORUS.
ev-er, And in thy love re-joice. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, we are

com-ing, bless-ed Sa-viour, We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We hear thy gen-tle voice.

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them for ever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favour,
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

DEAR FATHER, ERE WE PART.

1. { Dear Father, ere we part, Now let thy grace de-scend, }
 And fill our youthful heart With peace from Christ our Friend, } May show'rs of blessings from a - bove De-

2. { May we in af - ter years, With grat-i-tude re - view, }
 The ser-vice of this day, The work we now pur - sue; } And speed our way to worlds a-bove, With

scend and fill our hearts with love, De - scend and fill our hearts with love.

hearts all fired with ho - ly love, With hearts all fired With hearts all fired with ho - ly love.

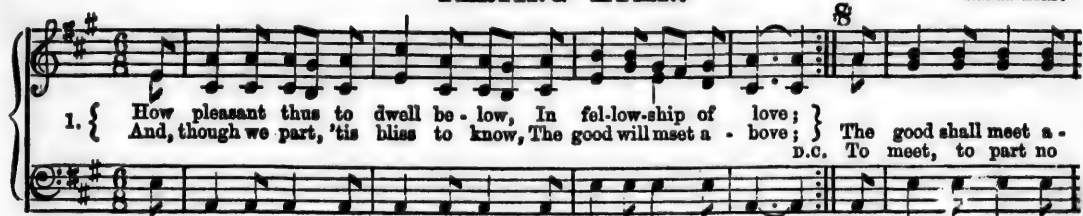
3. We know that soon on earth
 The fondest ties must end,—
 Our own most cherished hopes
 To death's cold hand must bend.
 The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
 Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

4. Then, when our spirits leave
 These tenements of clay,
 May they to God who gave,
 Ascend in endless day.
 And sing with parents, teachers, friends,
 That anthem sweet which never ends.

PARTING HYMN.

LINDEN HARP.


87



1. { How pleasant thus to dwell be - low, In fel-low-ship of love; } The good shall meet a -
And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good will meet a - bove; }
D.C. To meet, to part no



bove, The good shall meet a - bove; And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good shall meet a - bove.
more, On Ca - naan's happy shore. And sing the everlasting song, With those who've gone be-fore.



CHORUS to last verse. D.C. 8

O that will be joy-ful, joy - ful, joy-ful, O that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more.

2. Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again,
And never part again

3. The children who have loved the Lord,
Shall hail their teachers there:
And Teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
Of all their toil and care.

THE BETTER LAND.

CHORUS.

1. *Boys.* Whither, pilgrims, are you go-ing, Go-ing each with staff in hand? } O - ver hills, and plains, and
Girls. We are go-ing on a journey, Go-ing at our King's com-mand. }
2. *Boys.* Fear ye not the way so lone-ly, You a lit-tle fee-ble band? } Christ, our lead-er, walks be-
Girls. No, for friends, unseen, are near us, Ho-ly an-gels round us stand. }

val-leys, We are go-ing to his pal-ace, We are go-ing to his pal-ace, Go-ing
side us, He will guard and he will guide us, He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us

to the bet-ter land; We are go-ing to his pal-ace, Go-ing to the bet-ter land.
to that bet-ter land; He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to that bet-ter land.

3. *Boys.* Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off, better land?

Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand.

All. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

4. *Boys.* Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?

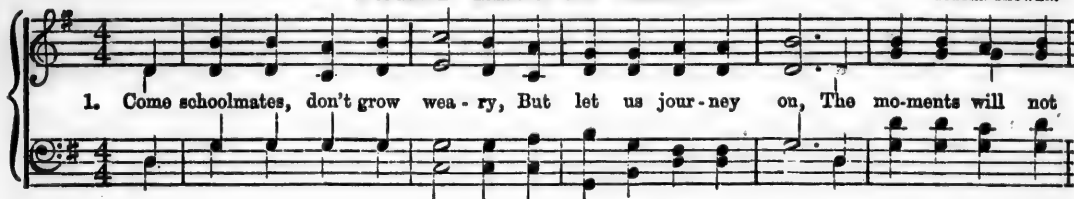
Girls. Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.

All. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

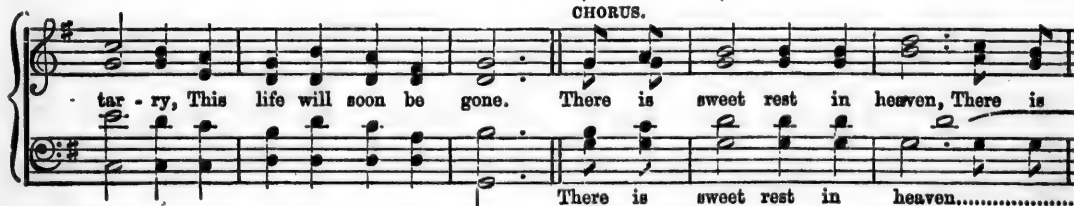
SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

GOLDEN SHOWER.

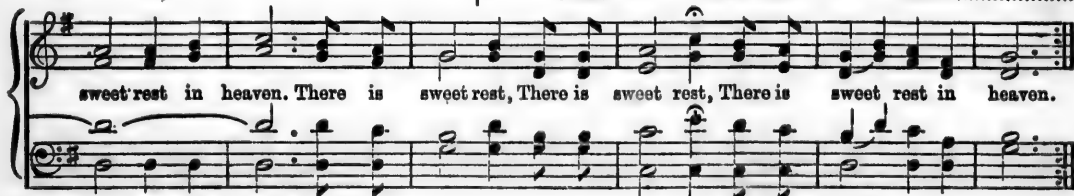
59



1. Come schoolmates, don't grow wea - ry, But let us jour - ney on, The mo - ments will not



CHORUS.
tar - ry, This life will soon be gone. There is sweet rest in heaven, There is
There is sweet rest in heaven.....




sweet rest in heaven. There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

2. We've listed for the army,
We've listed for the war;
We'll fight until we conquer,
By faith and humble prayer.—CHO.
3. Our Captain's gone before us,
He bids us all to come;
High up in endless glory,
He's fitted up our home.—CHO.

4. And Jesus will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end;
In every sore affliction
His "present help" to lend.—CHO.
5. Then glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood,
And glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good.—CHO.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL,

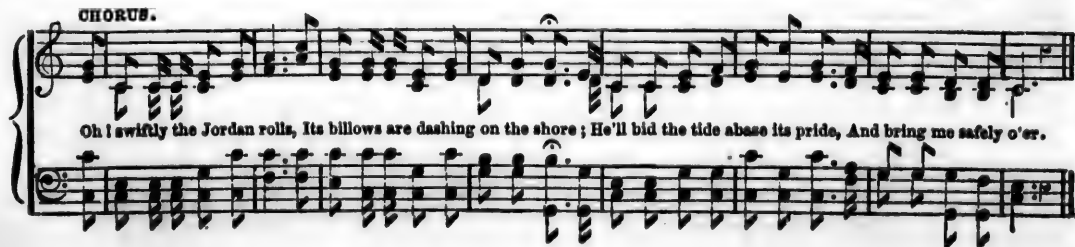


1. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll a-long; No ill I fear, for Christ is near, His rod and staff are strong: My
2. Roll, Jordan, roll, Thy foaming waters roll a-long; Be-yond thee lies fair Paradise, Where Christ's redeemed belong. Tho'



Lord will meet me on the shore, When heart and flesh shall fail; His presence dear my soul will cheer, When deep in Jordan's vale.
sin and Satan join their pow'r, To plunge me in the deep, The raging foe cannot o'erthrow, The soul that Christ doth keep.

CHORUS.



Oh! swiftly the Jordan rolls, Its billows are dashing on the shore; He'll bid the tide abase its pride, And bring me safely o'er.

3. Roll, Jordan roll,
Thy foaming waters roll along;
The hosts of God thy bed have trod
With trumpet and with song:
Right through thy waves with pomp
The fiery pillar passed, [divine

In days of yore, and brought them o'er
To Canaan's land at last.

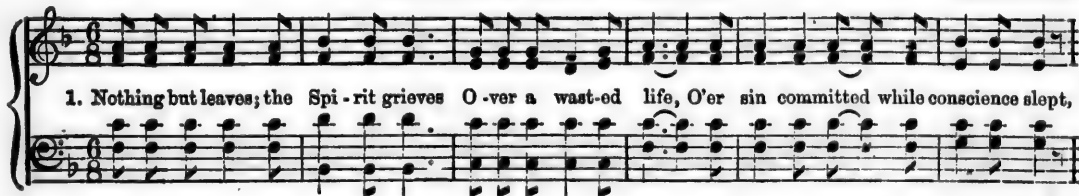
CHORUS.

3. Roll, Jordan, roll,
Thy foaming waters roll along;

Both young and old thy billows cold
Await—an endless throng.
Through fear of death though tremblers lie
In bondage all their life,
My soul aspires with warm desires
In thee to end its strife. CHORUS

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

MORNING STAR.



1. Nothing but leaves; the Spi-rit grieves O-ver a wast-ed life, O'er sin committed while conscience slept,



Promis-es made but ne-ver kept, Fol-ly and shame and strife. Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

2. Nothing but leaves; no ripened
Garner'd of life's fair grain: [sheaves
We sow our seed—lo, tares and weeds,
Words, idle words for earnest deeds;
Reaping, we find with pain
Nothing but leaves.

3. Nothing but leaves: and memory
No veil to hide the past; [weaves
And as we trace our weary way
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last
Nothing but leaves.

4. And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;
Stand we before Him sad and mute,
Waiting the word he breathes,
"Nothing but leaves!"

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll, Where, in all the bright for
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stor - my voyage is o'er; Shall we meet and cast the

CHORUS.

ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? } Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we
 an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore. }

meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

3. Where the music of the ransomed
 Rolls in harmony around,
 And creation swells the chorus
 With its sweet melodious sound?

4. Shall we meet with many a loved one,
 Torn on earth from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?

5. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
 When he comes to claim his own?
 Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
 And sit down upon his throne?

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

ORIOLE.

63

CHORUS. *Cres.*

Girls. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweet - ly glide ; } All the storms will
Boys. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide. }
Girls. Mil - lions now are safe - ly lan - ded, O - ver on the gol - den shore ; }
Boys. Mil - lions more are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for mil - lions more. }

soon be o - ver, Then we will anchor in the har - bor ; We are out on the o - cean sail - ing,

To a home be - yond the tide ; We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be - yond the tide.

3. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes,
 Gently waft our vessel on ;
 All on board are sweetly singing—
 Free salvation is the song.—CHO.

4. When we are safely anchored,
 We will shout—our trials o'er ;
 We will walk about the city,
 And we'll sing for evermore.—CHO.

NO PARTING THERE.

1. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when we meet on
 2. Here we meet to part a - gain, Here we meet to part a - gain, But when a seat in

Canaan's plain, There'll be no part - ing there, } In that bright world a - bove, In
 heaven we gain, There'll be no part - ing there, }

CHORUS.

that bright world a - bove : Shout ! shout the vic - tory, We're on our jour - ney home.

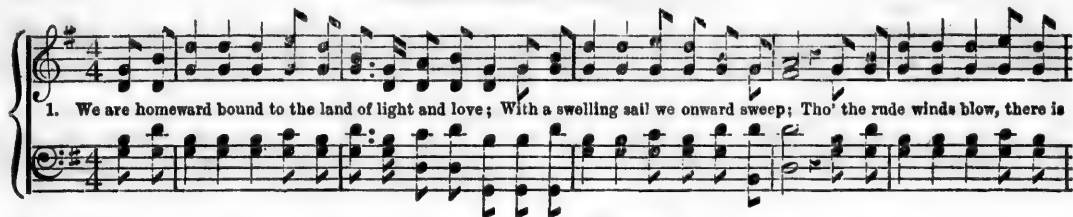
3. Here we meet to part again,
 But there we shall with Jesus reign,
 There'll be no parting there,
 In that bright world above.
CHO. Shout ! shout the victory, &c.

4. Here we meet to part again,
 But when we join the heavenly train,
 There'll be no parting there,
 In that bright world above.
CHO. Shout ! shout the victory, &c.

THE GOOD SHIP ZION.

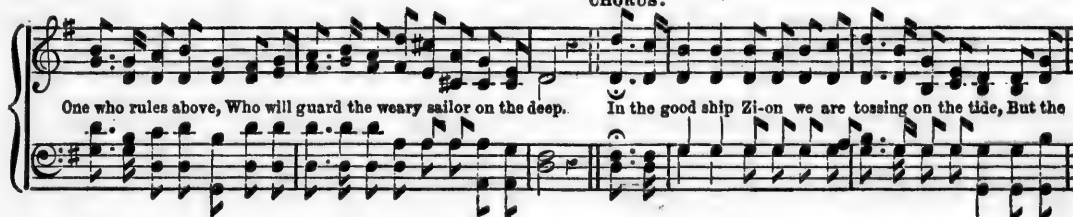
HAPPY VOICES.

65

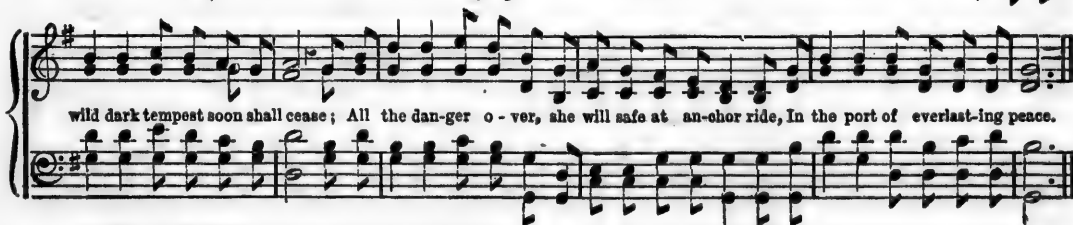


1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love; With a swelling sail we onward sweep; Tho' the rude winds blow, there is

CHORUS.



One who rules above, Who will guard the weary sailor on the deep. In the good ship Zi-on we are tossing on the tide, But the



wild dark tempest soon shall cease; All the dan-ger o-ver, she will safe at an-chor ride, In the port of everlast-ing peace.

2. Though the billows rise, they shall never overwhelm,
Though the breakers roar upon the lee;
'Mid the strife we'll sing, for we've Jesus at the helm,
And he'll steer the good ship Zion o'er the sea.—CHO.

3. Tho' for ages past she has ploughed the stormy main,
She's the stout Zion as of yore,
Safe 'mid rocks and shoals and the fearful hurricane,
She has thousands brought to Canaan's happy shore.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

HAPPY VOICES.



The val-leys and the moun-tains, The wood-land and the plain, The riv-ers and the foun-tains, The
sun-shine and the rain, The stars that shine a-bove me, The flowers that deck the sod, Pro-
claim a-loud the glo-ry of my God. Prais-es, ho-ly ad-o-ra-tion, Prais-es
to the God a-bove; Prais-es thro' the wide cre-a-tion, Sound a-loud his greatness and his love.



e, The



Pro -



- es



ve.



2. And shall the voice of nature
Thus glorify its king;
And man, the noble creature,
No grateful tribute bring?
Shall mercy strew his pathway,
And all the senses please,
And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?
Praise him, ye that live for ever;
Praise him every heart and voice;
Praise him, he's the glorious giver,
Praise him in your sorrows and your joys.

3. The word of life he gave us
To guide us to the sky;
That he might justly save us,
He sent his son to die—
To die in shame and anguish,
To die a sacrifice;
To save us from the death that never dies.
Praise him, praise him for salvation;
Praise him, praise him for his Son;
Praise him, every tribe and nation;
Praise him for the battle he has won.

4. Then train your youthful voices
To hymn his praise above;
For he who here rejoices
In Jesu's dying love,
Around his throne in glory
Shall all his love proclaim,
And sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.
Praise him, praise th' eternal Father;
Praise him, praise th' eternal Son;
Praise him, praise the Three together,
Father, Son, and Spirit, three in One.

PRAISE TO THE CREATOR. L. M.

67

1. From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
3. In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

JESUS CALLS YOU. 8.7.

1. Little children, Jesus calls you!
Listen to his blessed voice:
Sinners try in vain to shun it,
Christians hail it and rejoice.
Come then, children, join to sing
Glory to our Saviour King.
2. Little children, come to Jesus!
See him still inviting stand!
Hark! he bids you leave destruction—
Calls you to the better land!
Come then, children, join to sing
Glory to our Saviour King!
3. Little children, look to Jesus!
Look to Jesus! look and live!
Jesus suffered death to save you!
Freest pardon he will give.
Come then, children, join to sing
Glory to our Saviour King!

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

SILVER CHIME,

Musical score for "THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER." by SILVER CHIME. The score is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system is the main melody. The second system continues the melody. The third system is labeled "CHORUS." and features a double bar line. The fourth system concludes the piece. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals.



THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

1. No mortal eye that land hath seen,
Beyond, beyond the river ;
Its smiling valleys, hills so green,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Its shores are coming nearer,
The skies are growing clearer,
Each day it seemeth dearer,
That land beyond the river.

CHORUS.—We'll stand the storm,
We'll stand the storm,
Its rage is almost over,
We'll anchor in the harbour soon,
In the land beyond the river.

2. No cankering care, nor mortal strife,
Beyond, beyond the river ;
But happy never-ending life,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Through the eternal hours,
God's love, in heav'nly showers,
Shall water faith's fair flowers,
In the land beyond the river.

CHORUS.—We'll stand the storm.

3. That glorious day will ne'er be done,
Beyond, beyond the river ;
When we've the crown and kingdom won,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure
In the land beyond the river.

CHORUS.—We'll stand the storm.

4. When shall we look from Zion's hill,
Beyond, beyond the river ;
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There angels bright are singing,
Where golden harps are ringing,
We ne'er shall cease our singing,
In the land beyond the river.

CHORUS.—We'll stand the storm.

A SONG OF GLADNESS. 7. 6.

1. A song, a song of gladness !
For though we here may part ;
Breathe not a note of sadness ;
We still are joined in heart ;
And long will we remember
This happy Sabbath day.
2. Around thy throne of glory,
Blest Jesus, angels sing ;
Telling to all the story
Of Christ, the Saviour king :
'Tis this that tunes our voices,
This happy Sabbath day.
3. Send us a parting blessing,
O Father from above ;
May we, thy grace possessing,
Be saved to sing thy love ;
And spend in heaven, forever,
A long and happy day !

CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.



1. { Like mist on the mountain, Like ships on the sea, } In the grave of our
So swift-ly the years Of our pil-grim-age flee;



fathers How soon we shall lie! Dear chil-dren to-day To the Sa-viour fly.

2. How sweet are the flow'rets
In April and May!
But often the frost makes
Them wither away,
Like flowers you may fade;
Are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room"
To the Saviour fly.

3. When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord;
He slept in his smile,
And rejoiced in his word;
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh;
Oh, seek him in youth—
To Jesus now fly.

4. Do you ask me for pleasure,
Then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
"If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die."

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

S. S. BELL

71

1. The Sabbath school's a place of prayer, I love to meet my teachers there, I love to meet my teachers there.

They teach me there that every one May find, in heav'n a hap-py home, May find, in heav'n, a hap-py home.

Boys.

All.

Boys.

All.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school, I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath school.

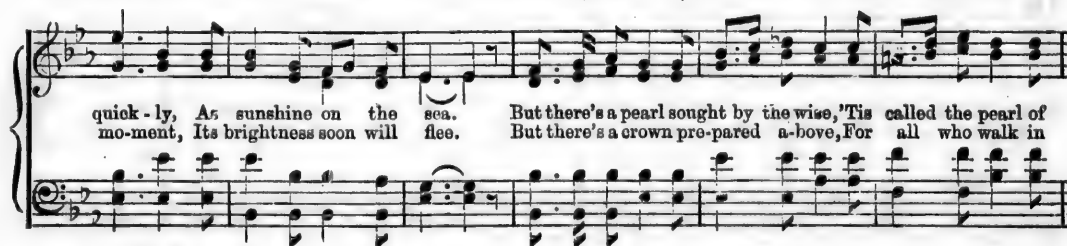
2. In God's own book we're taught to read, 3. In Sabbath school we sing and pray, 4. And when our days on earth are o'er,
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled; And learn to love the Sabbath day; We'll meet in heaven to part no more;
That precious blood a ransom gave That, when on earth our Sabbaths end, Our teachers kind we there shall greet
For sinful man, his soul to save. A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend. And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet.
I love to go to Sabbath school. I love to go to Sabbath school. In heaven above to part no more.

THE PEARL THAT WORLDLINGS COVET.

HAPPY VOICES.



1. The pearl that worldlings cov - et, Is not the pearl for me; Its beau - ty fades as
 2. The crown that decks the mon - arch, Is not the crown for me; It daz - zles but a



quick - ly, As sunshine on the sea. But there's a pearl sought by the wise, 'Tis called the pearl of
 mo - ment, Its brightness soon will flee. But there's a crown pre - pared a - bove, For all who walk in



great - est price, Tho' few its va - lue see: Oh, that's the pearl for me! Oh, that's the pearl for me!
 hum - ble love; For ev - er bright 'twill be: Oh, that's the crown for me! Oh, that's the crown for me!

3. The road that many travel
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood,
The passage here is free;
Oh, that's the road for me!
4. The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free;
But there's a hope that rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee;
Oh, that's the hope for me!

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

1. There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrows pressed down I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.
CHORUS—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there;
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.
2. There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me
In that beautiful land on high.
CHORUS—In that beautiful land, &c.

3. There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.
CHORUS—In that beautiful land, &c.
4. There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good bye;"
When over the river we're happy for ever,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHORUS—In that beautiful land, &c.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE. 6. 5.

1. How kind is the Saviour—
How great is His love!
To bless little children
He came from above;
He left holy angels,
And their bright abode,
To dwell here with children,
And teach them the road.
2. He wept in the garden,
And died on the tree,
To open a fountain
For sinners like me;
His blood is that fountain,
Which pardon bestows,
And cleanses the foulest
Wherever it flows.
3. He went back to glory;
But left us His word,
Which oft from our teachers
And pastors we've heard:
He sends forth His Spirit
Our hearts to inflame.
With joy in His service,
And love to His name.

THE HAPPY SONG.

GOLDEN SHOWER.

1. We are now in youths bright morn - ing, Cheer - i - ly we're pass - ing on ;
 2. If the charms of earth are fleet - ing, And should quick - ly pass a - way,

Joy - a - round us sweet - ly dawn - ing, Tell us joys may yet be won.
 Still the Ho - ly Spi - rits greet - ing, Shall not with those charms de - cay.

CHORUS. *f*

We are young, and we are hap - py, We are hap - py, hap - py in our song.

We are young, and we are hap - py, hap - py, hap - py in our song.

3. Wisdom's cheering voice invites us.

To the feast of Jesus' love,
And a foretaste here delights us,
On our way to realms above.

CHORUS.—We are young, &c.

4. When we cross the shining portal
On the banks of yonder shore,
And are clothed in robes immortal
We'll be happy evermore.

CHORUS.—We are young, &c.

THE NEW JERUSALEM. D.C.M.

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?2. Oh! when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end!
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.3. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's godly land in view,
And realms of endless day!

Jerusalem my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joy shall see.

WE LOVE TO MEET. 6's.

1. Jesus we love to meet,
On this thy holy day.
We worship round thy seat,
On this thy holy day.
Thou tender heavenly Friend,
To thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this thy holy day.
2. We dare not trifle now,
On this thy holy day.
In silent awe we bow,
On this thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve thee as we ought.
On this thy holy day.
3. We listen to thy word,
On this thy holy day.
Bless all that we have heard,
On this thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this thy holy day.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

GOLDEN CHERRY.

DUET

CHORUS

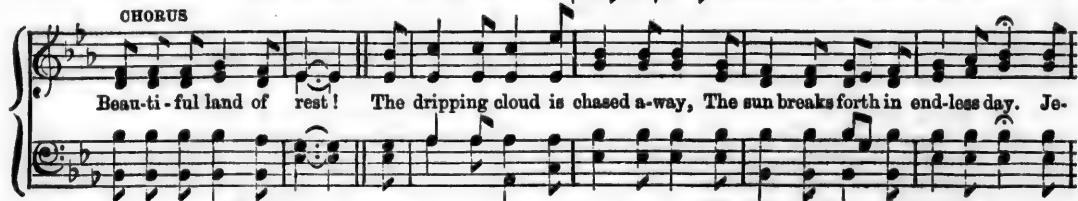
DUET

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er bright, Beautiful land of rest, No win - ter there, nor chill of night.



CHORUS

Beau - ti - ful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased a-way, The sun breaks forth in end-less day. Je -



CHORUS

ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau - ti - ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land,



Beau - ti - ful land of rest, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land of rest.



2. We long to see thy pearly gates,
 Beautiful land of rest,
 O, for its op'ning still we wait,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 And when our toils and cares are o'er,
 Those who have crossed the stream before,
 Will welcome us to Canaan's shore,
 To the land of rest.

CHORUS—Beautiful land, &c.

3. Our waiting heart with rapture beats,
 Beautiful land of rest,
 When shall we walk thy golden streets,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 We're marching onward, staff in hand,
 Toward that holy, happy land,
 And soon we'll meet the pilgrim band,
 In the land of rest.

CHORUS—Beautiful land, &c.

4. Unto the river's banks we've come,
 Beautiful land of rest,
 Each moment brings us nearer home,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 There millions who've the victory found,
 Have laid their cross and armour down:
 Still we are striving for the crown,
 In the land of rest.

CHORUS—Beautiful land, &c.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. S.M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

3. When we asunder part
 It gives us inward pain,
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

4. This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

5. From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

THE SABBATH. 7's.

1. Safely through another week
 God has brought us on our way,
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to day,—
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
2. While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we trust, this day, in thee.

CANAAN.

1. Come, children, let us sweet-ly sing, We are bound for the land of Canaan; All glo-ry give to


CHORUS.
Christ our King, We are bound for the land of Canaan, Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, We are

bound for the land of Canaan, O Canaan, it is my happy home, We are bound for the land of Canaan.

2. Come then and join our happy band,
We are bound for the land of Canaan :
To ever dwell at Christ's right hand,
We are bound for the land of Canaan,
CHORUS.—O Canaan, &c.

3. Then louder still our songs shall rise—
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
When we are far beyond the skies—
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
CHORUS.—O Canaan, &c.

HEAVENLY TEACHING. 8.7.4.

- 
- ✓ 1. Heavenly Father! we draw near Thee,
With the voice of joy and praise;
In our childhood taught to fear Thee,
Taught the knowledge of Thy ways,
We would praise Thee,
Love and serve Thee all our days.
2. When we think how much we owe Thee
Lord, thy goodness we adore;
Though we but begin to know Thee,
Thy kind teaching we implore;
Thus instructed,
May we know and love Thee more.
3. Thanks to Thee for every blessing;
Most of all for saving grace;
Oh! may we, that grace possessing,
Reach at length the blissful place
Where Thy children
Dwell with Thee and see Thy face.
-

JESUS THE REFUGE. 7's.

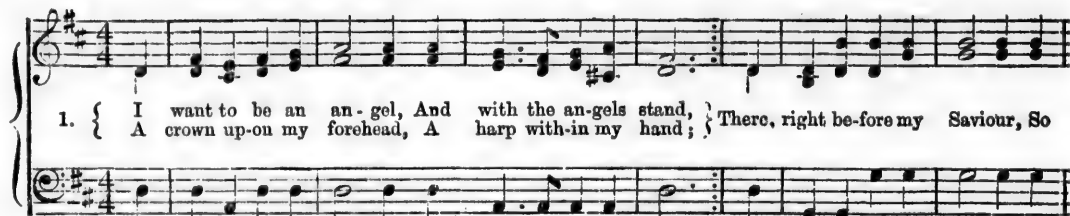
- ✓ 1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.
-

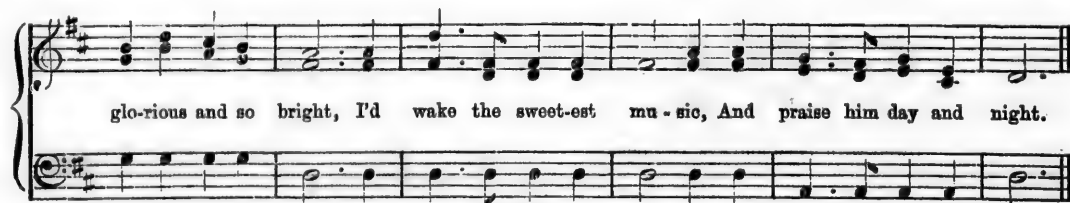
THE LITTLE FLOCK. 7's.

1. Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
2. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below,
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



1. { I want to be an an-gel, And with the an-gels stand, } There, right be-fore my Saviour, So
A crown up-on my forehead, A harp with-in my hand; }



glo-rious and so bright, I'd wake the sweet-est mu-sic, And praise him day and night.

2. I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live,
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

4. Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

1. Come, children, and learn of the infinite grace
Of Jesus, in coming to die;
How he left his bright throne, that all-glorious place,
His beautiful home in the sky.
Oh! think of the Lamb, who on Calvary died,
And died for such sinners as we:
Of the thorns on his brow, and the spear in his side,
When he suffer'd and bled on the tree.
2. Oh! never was sorrow so bitter as this,
The anguish he suffer'd below;
For the dear Son of God had done nothing amiss;
'Twas for others he tasted such woe.
Oh! think of his love, when he gave up his life,
For sinners so guilty as we;
'Twas for them that he finish'd the conflict and strife,
'Twas for them that he bled on the tree.
3. Dear little ones, think, is it nothing to you,
The tale of his wonderful grace?
When he comes in the clouds, will you joyfully view,
Or tremble to look in his face?
Oh! think of the Lamb who on Calvary died,
And died for such sinners as we;
Of the thorns on his brow, and the spear in his side,
When he suffer'd and bled on the tree.
4. When he comes back to reign in glory so bright,
The wicked he'll fill with despair;
But children, who love him, will rise with delight,
To meet their dear Lord in the air.
Oh! think of his love, when he gave up his life
For sinners so guilty as we;
'Twas for them that he finish'd the conflict and strife,
'Twas for them that he bled on the tree.

1. We meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise.
To God, our heavenly Father,
We offer grateful praise:
'Twas his kind hand that kept us
Through all the changing year;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.
2. We thank him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book we should love best;
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway,
That leads to joys in heaven.
3. We thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod;
For liberty of conscience,
For right to worship God.
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring;
And tune our hearts and voices,
Thy glorious name to sing.
4. Soon may thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land;
And all, as willing subjects,
Submit to thy command.
Send forth the gospel tidings;
And hasten on the day,
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway

MET IN JESUS' NAME. C. M.

1. In thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
Oh, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.
2. We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.
3. Teach us to pray and praise and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.
4. Here let thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
The icy heart, blest Saviour break
And melt the heart of stone.

THE HAPPY PLACE. 6 6 6 6 8 8.

1. This is the happy place
Where favour'd children meet,
To sing of Jesus' grace,
And sit at Jesus' feet;
To learn of him a life of love
And seek a brighter world above.
2. This is the happy day,
"The best of all the seven,"
When children read and pray,
To find the road to heaven.
Kind Jesus, guide us, lest we stray,
Thou art "the life, the truth, the way."

3. Jesus! our dying friend,
We joy to hear of thee;
And till this life shall end,
And through eternity,
We'll sing thy love to fallen man,
And praise thee more than angels can.
4. To thee we look and call,
While here below we roam.
Bring children—teachers—all,
Safe, to a better home;
Then shall we shout in louder strain,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."

PRAYER FOR DIRECTION. 6 6 6 6 8 8.

1. Again we meet, O Lord,
Again we fill this place,
To hear thy holy word,
To ask thy promised grace.
To thank thee for the gifts we share
The children of thy love and care.
2. Grant us the listening ear,
The understanding heart,
The mind and will sincere,
To choose the better part.
To take the learner's lowly seat
And gather wisdom at thy feet.
3. Through this, and every day,
Teach us thy paths to tread;
Nor let our feet astray
By Satan's wiles be led;
But keep us in the narrow road,
The road to glory and to God.

HALLELUJAH! AMEN.

G's.

1. Come, children, join to sing,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our king,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice,
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice.
Hallelujah! Amen!
2. Come lift your hearts on high
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky.
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our Guide and Friend;
To us he'll condescend;
His love shall never end,
Hallelujah! Amen!
3. Praise yet the Lord again,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore.
Hallelujah! Amen!

JESUS THE SHEPHERD. 8 7 4.

1. Youthful, weak, and unprotected,
Prone in folly's path to stray;
By no friendly hand directed,
We shall surely lose our way;
Who shall guide us
To the realms of endless day?

2. Christian teachers may instruct us,
Friends their generous aid bestow;
But what leader shall conduct us
Safely all the journey through?
Who shall keep us,
Wanderers in a world of woe?
3. Christ, our shepherd, waits to gather
Every wanderer to his fold;
And with love, our heavenly Father,
Will each humble child behold;
Lord receive us;
'Tis thy kindness makes us bold.
4. Grateful for the love that brought us,
Now our feeble songs we raise
Hither hath thy mercy brought us,
Here with joy we sound thy praise;
To thine honour
We would yield our future days.

SUFFER US TO COME.

7's.

1. Lord, before thy throne we stand;
Once again thy children see;
Smile upon the youthful band,
Suffer us to come to thee.
2. Whither else should children go,
Weak and impotent as we?
Thou hast all things to bestow,
Suffer us to come to thee.
3. Suffer us to come and pray;
Daily do we stand in need;
And if thou should'st turn away.
Lord, we should be poor indeed.

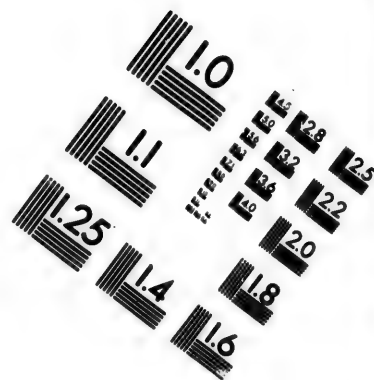
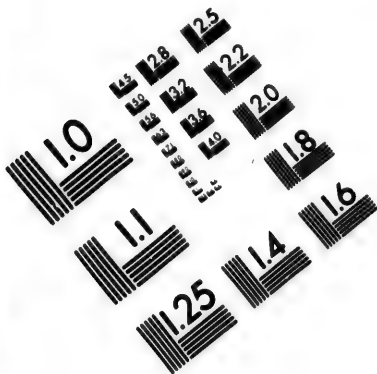
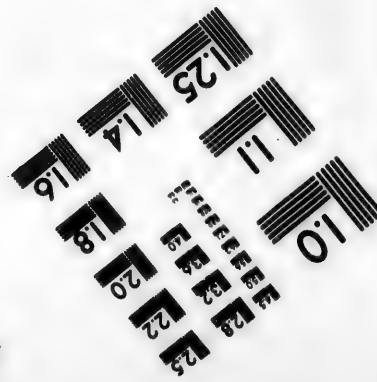
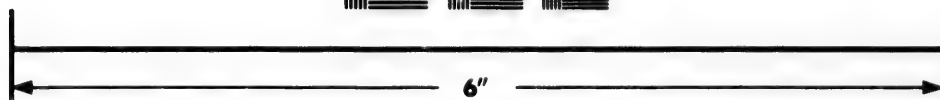
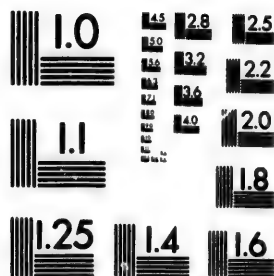


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4. Suffer us to come and own
How unworthy we have been ;
Since we look to thee alone,
For the pardon of our sin.
5. Suffer us to come and praise ;
Condescend to hear our songs ;
All we have, ten thousand ways,
Comes from thee, to thee belongs.
6. While we here have life and breath,
This our constant prayer should be ;
This our latest sigh in death—
Suffer us to come to thee.

DISMISSION.

S. M.

1. Once more before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name ;
Let every tongue, and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.
2. Lord, in thy grace we came ;
That blessing still impart ;
We met in Jesus' sacred name ;
In Jesus' name we part.
3. Thus, nurtured by thy word,
May each in wisdom grow ;
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.
4. Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name ;
Let every tongue, and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.

PRAYER FOR DIVINE ASSISTANCE. 11's.

1. The mercy of Jesus has brought us once more
To bow at his footstool, his aid to implore ;
That we who the office of teachers sustain,
May neither grow weary nor labour in vain.
2. The work we engage in is great we confess,
And we have no might to insure its success ;
We now are assembled assistance to seek
From him who has promised to strengthen the weak.
3. We pray for that wisdom which comes from above,
To render our duty a service of love ;
To open the minds of the children to see
How pleasant the ways of religion must be.
4. We ask to exhibit, in word and in deed,
A holy example that children may read ;
And may our endeavours all centre in this,
Hereafter to meet them in glory and bliss.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CULTURE. S. M.

1. Blest Saviour as we meet,
To join in hymns of praise,
And gather round the mercy seat,
Oh, fill our hearts with grace.
2. Let thoughts of God, and truth,
And duty to the charge
Of training up immortal youth,
Our souls with zeal enlarge.
3. The worldling may not deem
This culture worth his toil ;
And, to the thoughtless, it may seem
A thankless, fruitless soil.

4. But we have seen the dew
Upon that soil distil ;
And oft that culture hearts renew,
And with thy blessing fill.
5. Not unto man, O Lord,
Be any honour given ;
But be thy sovereign grace adored,
For fruit thus gleaned for heaven.
6. Oh, let each gathered sheaf
From this our much lov'd field,
A promise to our spirits give,
Of more abundant yield.

THE TEACHER'S THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN. L. M.

1. O world of glory and of bliss,
Not soiled by guilt, or marred like this,
We long to reach thy tranquil shore,
To sin, and fear, and weep no more.
2. We long to pass those portals bright,
Ne'er clouded by th' approach of night ;
We long to see that peaceful brow,
Once stained with blood, but glorious now.
3. Yet, when we bow before the throne,
We would not find ourselves alone ;
E'en heaven would seem less glad and fair
If we should miss our children there.
4. O! may we toil and pray and weep,
And ever wakeful watchings keep ;
That every child whom we have taught
May be at length to glory brought.

BLESS THIS ASSEMBLY, LORD. L. M. 85

1. Bless this assembly, Lord ; to thee,
In faith, we bend the suppliant knee :
Our prayers receive ; thy grace impart ;
And let thy love fill every heart.
2. While for our scholars we implore
The choicest blessings of thy store,
With quickening power thy Spirit send,
And all his sacred influence lend.
3. Shed on our school, thy heavenly light,
And give them favour in thy sight ;
Let all thy great salvation know,
And be their portion here below.
4. And oh, may we, who teach them, share
In our Almighty Father's care ;
In zeal and love may we be found,
And in each christian grace abound.

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER. S. M.

1. Creator, Saviour, God,
We raise our hearts to thee ;
And pleading now thy precious blood,
We bend our suppliant knee.
2. Oh, deign to hear our prayer,
And save the youthful race ;
Convert the children of our care,
By thine almighty grace.
3. Make them to feel thy love ;
Teach them to sing thy praise ;
While strains seraphic, from above,
Re-echo youthful lays.
4. Oh guide their roving feet
In paths of truth divine ;
May rays of heavenly glory meet
And round their footsteps shine.

PRAYER FOR GOD'S PRESENCE. L.M.

1. Here, gracious God, beneath thy feet,
Friends to the young and thee, we meet,
Joined by the cord of mutual love,
Bound to our common Friend above.
2. Our hearts thy throne of grace address:
Smile on our school, the children bless,
For Jesus' sake, who once on earth
Appeared, a child of lowly birth.
3. Bless all the plans which we devise:
May they be useful, good and wise;
Whilst we our humble labours bend,
Thy glorious kingdom to extend.
4. May wisdom, zeal and love inspire
Our bosoms with their purest fire;
While faith on thine own word relies,
And hope looks joyful to the skies.
5. Grant us thy presence, God of grace,
Now, while we meet before thy face;
That we may feel, ere we depart,
Thy love diffused through every heart.

FULL OF BOYS AND GIRLS. C.M.

1. A prophet of the olden time
Saw in the coming years,
A Sight within Jerusalem,
Which calmed his rising fears.
2. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Her ways that mourned so long—
He saw them filled with boys and girls,
A playful, happy throng.

3. So may we see with eye of faith,
Jerusalem above;
And hear the song that children sing
In the thronged streets thereof.
4. From these our Sabbath homes below,
May thousand children rise,
To join their friends above and swell
The chorus of the skies.
5. Oh! who shall see that blissful sight?
Who hear that angel choir?
One hour were worth the toils of earth,
Of which we often tire.

THE SEED OF THE WORD. C.M.

1. Almighty God! thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
2. Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
3. Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundredfold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
4. Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

THE DIVINE TEACHER. C.M.

1. Teacher divine, we bow the knee,
Dependent at thy throne;
Our fervent cry we raise to thee;
Ah! leave us not alone.
2. In vain we teach unless thy grace
Instruct each tender heart:
Then deign to hear; hide not thy face;
Thy spirit, Lord, impart.
3. Without thee, we can nothing do;
Our weakness we confess:
Be thou our strength and wisdom too;
And thus our labours bless.
4. And may the sacred tie of love
Bind us together here;
A foretaste give of joy above,
Life's pilgrimage to cheer.
5. Thus while on earth we would adore:
When death shall close our eyes,
May teachers, scholars, meet once more,
Transplanted to the skies.

A BLESSING SOUGHT. 8. 7.

1. Saviour King! in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favour now.
2. When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy spirit Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move.

3. Oh that he, the ever-living,
May descend as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness reviving,
Blossom as the rose again.
4. Then may they whom we have guided,
Life's tempestuous ocean o'er,
In the home thou hast provided,
Meet us to depart no more.
5. There beside the crystal river,
Flowing from the eternal throne,
Shall arise to thee forever,
Praise more sweet than earth has known.

THE TEACHERS' OBJECT. C.M.

1. Attracted by love's sacred force,
Like planets to the sun;
Tho' different spheres may mark our course,
Our centre is but one.
2. As teachers of the young we meet;
Our object is the same:
To lead them to the Saviour's feet,
And praise his glorious name.
3. We meet to strengthen and unite
Our hearts in this employ;
On, may our work be our delight,
A crown of future joy.
4. May union, zeal, and wisdom join
To make our meetings blest;
And mutual love to God and man
Be constantly possessed.

ABOVE THE BRIGHT BLUE SKY. 7. 6.

1. There's a *rest* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And "Abba, Father," cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and danger free;
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.
2. There's a *home* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
When Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
None could be happier, there.
3. There's a *Friend* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changeth—
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name he bears.
4. There's a *crown* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by:
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favor,
And loved His name below.

5. There's a *song* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky—
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as *Saviour*,
But worship him as *King*.
6. There's a *robe* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And a *harp* of sweetest music,
And a *palm* of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

7. 6.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown.
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name!

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

THE NEW YEAR.

7's.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun
 Hastened through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Fixed in their eternal state,
 They have done with all below:
 We a little longer wait;
 But how little, none can know.
2. As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

3. Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

THE HEATHEN'S APPEAL. 8 7 4.

1. Hark! a distant voice is calling;
 Mournfully it meets the ear;
 Louder yet its accents falling,
 Fill each heart with thoughtful fear:
 Let us listen;
 Now the sound of woe is near.
2. 'Tis the moan of thousands dying—
 Lost in sin's dark gloom they stray;
 'Tis the voice of wand'ers crying,
 "Ye who know the living way,
 Come and guide us
 To the land of perfect day."
3. We would help them, oh our Father
 Thou hast bid us freely give;
 Wilt thou not the wand'ers gather,
 Shall not dying spirits live?
 Hear our pleadings,
 All our past neglect forgive.
4. Let us send to every nation
 News of light and life divine,
 And to spread thy free salvation,
 Now in youth our lives resign:
 Take these first fruits,
 Then let all our sheaves be thine.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB. 7's.

1. Hark ! that glorious burst of praise
Which the ransomed legions raise,
While the ceaseless waves of song,
Sweep their golden harps along,
In a full triumphant strain—
"To the Lamb for sinners slain !"
2. Grant us, Lord, to hear that sound
Swell thy golden city round ;
And while absent far away,
In this prison-house of clay,
Let our souls take up the psalm—
"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb ?"

— ♦ —
THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM. 7's.

1. Let us go to Bethlehem ;
There the king of glory lies !
He has left his diadem
And his throne beyond the skies !
He, the Lord of endless years,
Now a feeble babe appears.
2. Let us go to Bethlehem ;
God descends with men to dwell !
And he comes not to condemn,
But to save from sin and hell :
Oh, what rich and boundless grace,
To our lost and guilty race.
3. Let us go to Bethlehem ;
Eastern magi worship there ;
Let us strive to rival them
With the incense of our prayer ;
And our hearts, as offerings bring,
To the glorious new-born King.

WORK FOR THE YOUNG. 8. 7. 4.

1. In the vineyard of our Father,
Daily work we find to do ;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few :
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners too.
2. Tolling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day ;
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
So along our path we stray ;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.
3. Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth—
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth—
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
4. Up and ever to our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb ;
Or till, sin's dominion failing,
Christ shall, in his kingdom, come,
And his children
Reach their everlasting home.
5. Steadfast then in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be ;
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to thee.
Hallelujah !
Singing, all eternity.

INFANT PRAISES. 8. 7. 4.

1. Mighty God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen!
2. Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days;
Sounded through thy wide dominion
Be thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah, &c.
3. Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Flee, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing—the Lord who came to die!
Hallelujah, &c.
4. From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,—
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, forever flow!
Hallelujah, &c.
5. Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne,
Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own!
Hallelujah, &c.

THE EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY HOSANNA.

L. M.

1. There was a time when children sang
The Saviour's praise with holy glee;
And all the coasts of Judah rang
With their exulting Jubilee!

2. Oh! to have joined their rapturous songs,
And swelled the sweet hosannas high,
And blest him with our feeble tongues,
As he, the man of grief, went by!
3. But he is now a glorious king,
And angels in his presence bow;
And the poor notes that we can sing,
He surely cannot hear them now.
4. He can—he will—he loves to hear
The songs which children to him raise;
Jesus, we come with trembling fear,
O, teach our lips and hearts to praise.
5. We join the hosts around the throne,
Who once like us the desert trod;
And thus we make their songs our own,
“Hosanna to the Son of God.”

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

11's.

1. How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity, for sinners to die!
His hands and his feet were nailed to the tree,
And all this he suffered for sinners like me!
2. How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive him by faith in their heart!
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.
3. How precious is Jesus to all who believe!
And out of his fullness what grace they receive!
When weak he supports them, when erring he guides,
And everything needful he kindly provides.
4. Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blest who walk in his ways;
In life and in death he will still be their friend,
For those whom he loves he will love to the end.

JESUS THE SHEPHERD. C. M.

1. See the kind shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
2. "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
3. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
4. The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its shepherd's care:
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

CHRIST THE GUIDE OF THE YOUNG. 8.7.4.

1. God has said, forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.
2. Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we're near our Saviour's side.

3. Thus when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father—
To our home beyond the sky,
Gently passing
To our home beyond the sky.

THE DIVINE SHEPHERD. 8.7.4.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tender care:
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us; thine we are.
2. We are thine; do thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Listen to us when we pray.
3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us—
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.
4. Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us; love us still.

SAFE WITH JESUS. 8. 7. 4.

1. Why those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship;
Spread the sails and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us o'er the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
2. Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus
Thro' the trackless deep move on.
3. Rendered safe by his protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past.
4. Oh, what pleasures there await us;
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

SURRENDERED TO CHRIST. 8. 7.

1. Saviour! while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine and only thine to be.

2. Take me now, Lord Jesus! take me;
Let my youthful heart be thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.
3. Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way;
May thy grace through life attend me;
Gladly then shall I obey.
4. Let me do thy will, or bear it;
I would know no will but thine;
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign.
5. Thine I am, O Lord for ever,
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.

EVEN SONG. 7. 7. 7. 5.

1. Three in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and Psalm.
2. Light of lights! with morning, shine;
Lift on us Thy Light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.
3. Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.
4. Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

WILL YOU GO?

1. Children, will you go with me
To yon bright world?
Glory! Hallelujah!
Praise Him, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.
2. Yes, we'll go along with you,
To yon bright world!
Glory, &c.
3. We shall see our Saviour there
In yon bright world!
Glory, &c.
4. Crowns of glory we shall wear,
In yon bright world!
Glory, &c.
5. God, our Father, ever reigns
In yon bright world!
Glory, &c.
6. We shall sing in sweeter strains,
In yon bright world!
Glory, &c.

THE SWEETEST NAME. C. M.

1. Jesus, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.
3. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor pen nor tongue can show;
The love of Jesus what it is,
None but his loved ones know.
5. Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

JESUS, THE ALL IN ALL. 7. 6.

1. I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
'Till not a spot remains.
2. I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.
3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

THE INVITATION.

8. 7. 4.

1. Children, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
S' he plead with you in vain?
O receive him,
And salvation now obtain.
2. Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy—
They alone are his delight:
Seek his favour,
And your hearts to him unite.
3. All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe:
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

C. M.

1. There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.
2. And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise;
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.
3. These are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey:
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

95

4. Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5. Great God, impress this serious thought,
To-day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May dwell among the blest.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATION. 8. 7. 4.

1. While the heavenly host rejoices
In thy glorious presence, Lord,
Thou wilt hear our youthful voices
Praise thee for thy holy word:
"Glory! glory!"
Through the earth and heavens be heard.
2. Mercies granted to the fathers,
On the children too have come:
When around our spirit gathers
Darkness from the opening tomb,
May thy presence
Then disperse the heavy gloom.
3. We know not the lot before us;
That to only thee is known;
Let thy love and truth reign o'er us,
And our hearts be thine alone:
Life eternal
Thou wilt give us as our own.
4. As the morning sunlight chases
Night and all its gloom away,
May thy truth, in earth's dark places,
Turn the midnight into day:
Let thy kingdom
Quickly come, O Lord, we pray.

A BLESSING SOUGHT. 8. 7. 4.

1. Now, O Lord, we ask thy blessing
On the words which we have read ;
Precious words ! on which thy children
Have by thee been often fed ;
Feed us likewise—
We, who have to Jesus fled.
2. Should a heart before thee, Father,
Know not thee, or thy sweet love,
O attract that heart to Jesus,
Never more from him to rove —
Gracious Father,
Let us all thy goodness prove.

OUR BLESSINGS. S.M. Double.

1. How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."
2. How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy !
O God, make bare thine arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

THE GOSPEL BANNER. 7. 6. Double.

1. Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled ;
And be the shout, Hosanna !
Re-echoed through the world ;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
2. What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine ?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine ;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious ;
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious ;
Thy empire shall increase.
3. Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings ;
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings ;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise ;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

SING TO THE LORD THE CHILDREN'S HYMN.

S. S. BELL

97

1. Sing to the Lord the children's hymn, His gentle love de- clare, Who bends a-mid the
D. S. He learn'd the first small

cherubim, To hear the children's prayer. He at a mother's breast was fed, Tho' God's own son was He.
words He said At a meek mother's knee.

FINE

D. S.

2. He held us to his mighty breast,
The children of the earth;
He lifted up His hands and blessed
The babes of human birth.
So shall He be to us, ur God,
Our gracious Savio-; too:
The scene we tread His footsteps trod,
The path of youth He knew.

3. Lo, from the stars His face will turn
On us with glances mild;
The angels of His presence yearn
To bless the little child.
Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the seraphim,
To hear the children's prayer.

SUMMER'S DAY. C.M.D.

1. This life is but a summer's day Of shadows and of light,
 Its brightest sunbeams pass a-way And soon give place to night, } Fair childhood is the ear-ly dawn And

youth the morning gay, man-hood's the noon so quickly gone, And age the even-ing ray.

2. But life eternal who can tell
 How long it shall endure?
 The righteous shall for ever dwell
 In mansions bright and pure.
 The hours of childhood and of youth,
 Of manhood and of age,
 Should in the love of sacred truth
 The inmost soul engage.

3. This life was given us to prepare
 For that which is to come;
 O may I gain admittance there
 And find a heav'nly home!
 And will the Lord my sins forgive
 Though his redeeming love,
 And bid me to his glory live,
 And write my name above?

O'ER THE FLOWING RIVER.

HAPPY VOICES.

99



1. O'er the flow-ing riv - er, Lit-tle chil-dren stand, Free from sin for ev-er, Hap-py in that land.



Fairer than the summer flower Is every ho-ly one Singing, shining evermore, With glory but be-gan.

2. Once their eyes were streaming
With the tears of woe;
Now with rapture beaming,
Not a tear they know,
Crowns of glory now they wear,
And ever as they rove,
O'er the tuneful harps they bear
Their skilful fingers move.

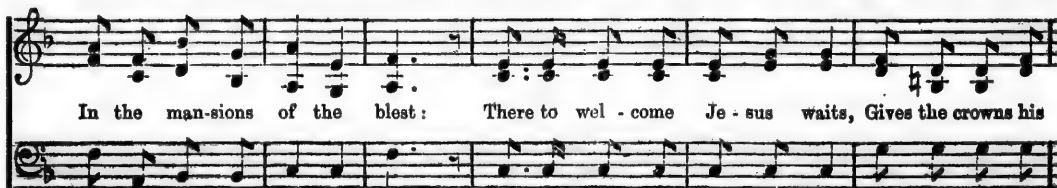
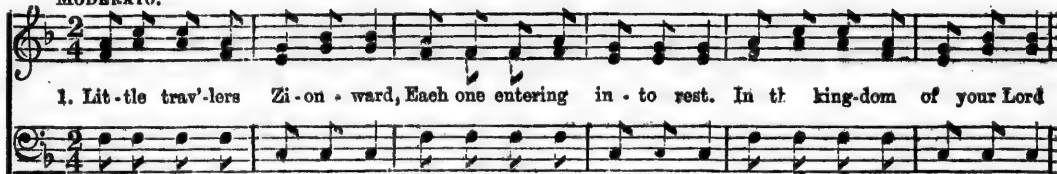
3. 'Twas Immanuel sought them,
Straying from the fold;
With a price he bought them,
Dearer far than gold;
Not the treasures of the mine,
Not bleating flocks he gave;
Blood he shed—'twas blood divine,
To sanctify and save.

4. Little saints in glory,
Guilty though I be,
I have learned the story,
"Jesus died for me."
Ransomed by his blood 'divine,
My Saviour I will love;
Bear his cross, than rise and join
Your shining band above,

THE LITTLE TRAVELLERS. 7s. Double.

OKOLA,

MODERATO.



2. Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land,"
"I, from India's sultry plain,"
"I, from Affric's barren sand,"
"I, from islands of the main."

3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portals of the sky!
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin."
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in.

LEBANON.

101



1. Sweet is the time of spring, When nature's charms ap - pear; The birds with cease-less



plea - sure sing, And hail the op' - ning year; But sweet - er far the spring Of



wis - dom and of grace, when children bless and praise their King, Who loves the youthful race.

2. Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades of darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh;
But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.

3. Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view
With pearly glittering drops!
But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen,
Its freshness to distil.

JUDEA'S PLAINS.

DIADEM.

I. Watching on Ju - de - a's plain, Shepherds spend their dew - y night, When there came a

heaven - ly train, In their robes of spotless white; Joy - ful news they brought to earth,

Long by prophet tongues fore - told, Tidings of our Saviour's birth, Tun'd with harps of

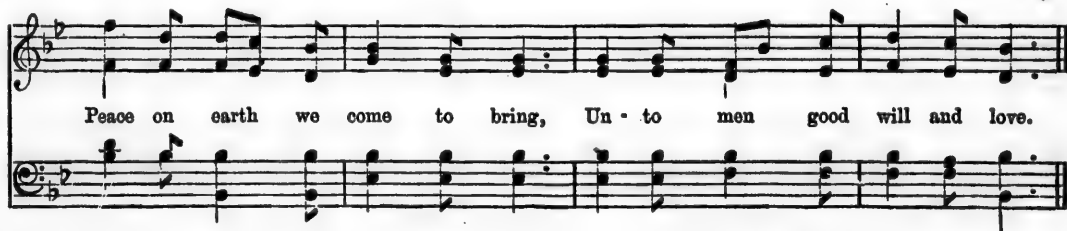
JUDEA'S PLAINS.—continued.

103

CHORUS.



shining gold. Glo - ry in the high - est sing! Glo - ry be to God a - bove!



Peace on earth we come to bring, Un - to men good will and love.

2. Let us raise an anthem now,
To the name of Christ our king,
And with joy and gladness bow,
While our youthful praise we sing,
Jesus is the children's friend;
He will hear their earnest prayer;
He will lead them to the end
And will keep them in his care.

Glory in the, &c.

3. Let the joyful tidings fly
All the spacious earth around,
Till all lands beneath the sky
Hear and love the holy sound—
Till the Saviour's name is known,
Friend, Redeemer, Prince of Peace,
And in rapture to his throne
Praise shall evermore increase.

Glory in the, &c.

HOSANNA.

1. When his sal - va - tion bringing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood

sing - ing Ho - san - na to his name, Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But

as he rode a - long, He let them still at - tend him, And smiled to hear their

song, Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! to Da - vid's roy - al Son.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support through chords and moving lines. The lyrics are printed below the voice staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

2. And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as king He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill.
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

8. For should we fail proclaiming,
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

ROOM FOR ALL. 7's

1. God of love, before Thee now,
Help us all in love to bow;
As the dew on Hermon fall,
May Thy blessing rest on all.
2. Let it soften every breast,
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,
Till we feel ourselves to be,
Children of one family.
3. Children who can look above,
For a heavenly Father's love;
Who shall meet, life's journey past,
In that Father's house at last.
4. But, while thankfully we meet,
Thus around the mercy seat,
Yet, one humble, earnest plea,
Father, we would bring to Thee.

5. Far across the ocean wave,
Brethren, sisters, too, we have;
Yet they have not heard of Thee;
Wilt thou not their Father be?
6. Let them hear the shepherd's voice,
And beneath his care rejoice;
And together let us come
To the fold: "There yet is room."

HEAVEN. C. M. Double.

1. O happy land! O happy land,
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join the glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
But every voice in yonder throng,
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught can learn the song,
Or sing the music there.
2. The saints in light! the saints in light,
What joys to them are given;
Their robes are pure, their crowns are bright,
Their peaceful home is heaven.
Their robes were cleansed from every stain,
By bleeding, dying love;
On earth they serv'd, and now they reign
As kings and priests above.
3. Thou heavenly friend! thou heavenly friend,
Now teach our lips to pray;
And let thy grace our footsteps bend,
To tread thy sacred way.
O be our first, our youthful days,
To thy best service given;
Then shall we meet to sing thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.

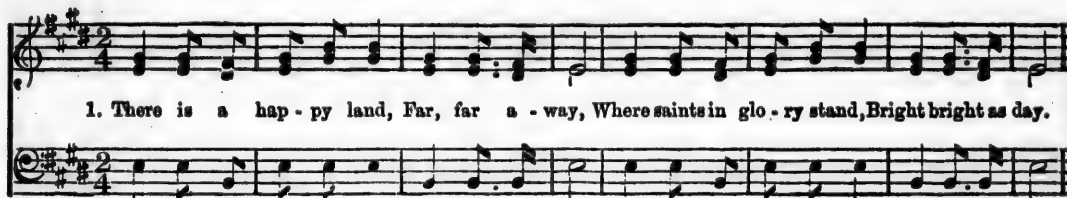
THE TEACHER'S PRAYER.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Thy word is, "Work and pray,
Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears:
The sowing brings the reaping days,
The harvest follows tears."</p> <p>3. Oh! let me strive to be
The labourer Thou wilt bless;
And hourly offer unto Thee
The works of righteousness.</p> | <p>4. Yet, when my best is done,
'Tis sin and folly still;
My only plea is, that Thy Son
Wrought out Thy perfect will.</p> <p>5. Then hear me while I ask,
"Save all my children, Lord;
While I, in faith, fulfil my task,
Do Thou fulfil Thy word.</p> |
|--|---|

THE HAPPY LAND.

107



ask:

task

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright bright as day.



Oh how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King," Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2. Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We'll reign for aye.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH FOR ALL.

SECOND BILL.

1. { There's work e-nough, there's work e-nough, And work that should be done. }
 { For lit-tle heads and lit-tle hands—E-nough for ev-ery one. }

CHORVA.

CHORUS.

Then join our throng, and join our song; O - bey the Saviour's call; There's ea - sy work and

pleas-ant work, And work e-nough for all. Work e-nough for all.... Work

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH FOR ALL. (Concluded.)

109

ALL.

work e-nough for all. Here's ea-sy work and pleas-ant work, And work e-nough for all.

2. In every place are boys and girls,
That never go to school,
Who never hear the Bible read,
Nor learn the Golden Rule.
CHO.—Then join our throng, and join our song;
Obey the Saviour's call;
There's easy work and pleasant work,
And work enough for all.

3. Those boys and girls we can seek out,
And take them by the hand,
And plead with them to come with us,
To join our happy band.
CHO.—Then join our throng, and join our song;
Obey the Saviour's call;
There's easy work and pleasant work,
And work enough for all.

4. Then let us all unite in this,
And make it for a rule,
That we will each do all we can,
To help the Sabbath school.
CHO.—Then join our throng, and join our song;
Obey the Saviour's call;
There's easy work and pleasant work,
And work enough for all.

TELL THY SAVIOUR.

DIADEN

1. Tell thy Sa-viour when the jour-ney, Seems too wear-i - some and steep, When the

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Tell Thy Saviour'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. Tell thy Sa-viour when the jour-ney, Seems too wear-i - some and steep, When the' are written below the treble staff.

sha - dows of the fu - ture, O'er thy shiver - ing spi - rit creep, Tell Him

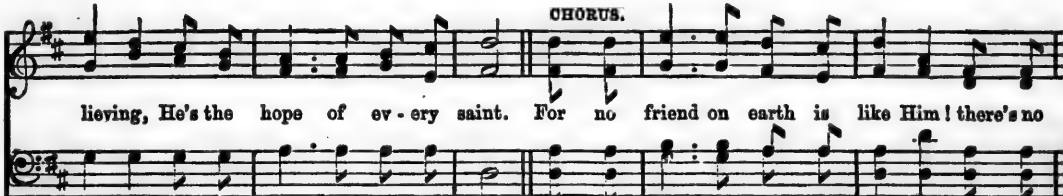
The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'sha - dows of the fu - ture, O'er thy shiver - ing spi - rit creep, Tell Him' are written below the treble staff.

when the light is fa-ding, Tell Him when thy heart is faint, Tell Him, in His love be -

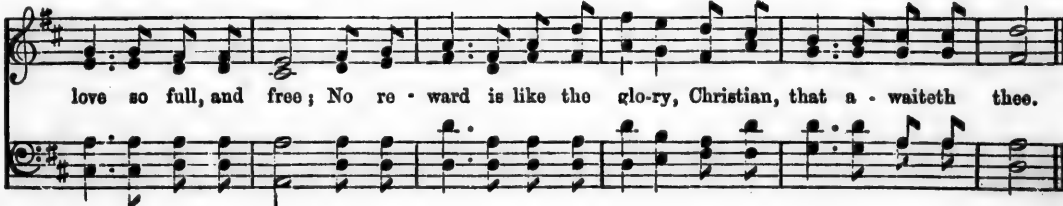
The third system of musical notation. The melody concludes in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics 'when the light is fa-ding, Tell Him when thy heart is faint, Tell Him, in His love be -' are written below the treble staff.

TELL THY SAVIOUR.—continued.

CHORUS.



lieving, He's the hope of ev-ery saint. For no friend on earth is like Him! there's no



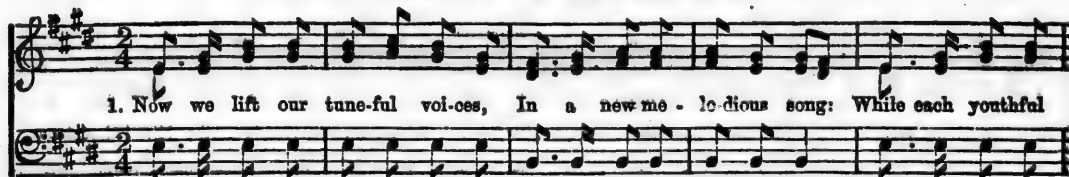
love so full, and free; No re-ward is like the glo-ry, Christian, that a-waiteth thee.

2. Tell Him when two ways before thee
 Lure thy feeble, doubting steps,
 When the sun shine beaming o'er thee
 Suffers sudden, strange eclipse;
 Tell Him of the waning effort,
 Tell Him of the inward strife,
 Of the purpose waxing feebler,
 O the dying spirit life.
 CHO.—For no friend &c.

3. Tell thy Saviour when the flowers
 Of thy youth and childhood flee,
 When the hopes that wreathed the hours
 Only live in memory,
 Take thy disappointments thither,
 Lean thy head upon His breast;
 With thy tears and sorrow ever,
 Go to Jesus seeking rest.
 CHO.—For no friend &c.

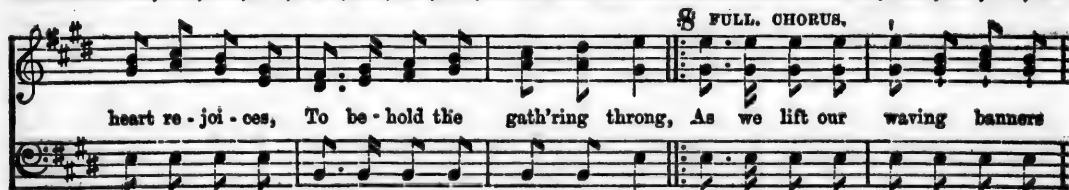
NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES.

ORIOLA.



1. Now we lift our tune-ful voi-ces, In a new me-lo-dious song: While each youthful

FULL. CHORUS.



heart re-joice, To be-hold the gath'ring throng, As we lift our waving banners



To the breezes soft and mild, May the tide of glad ho-san-nas, Flow from bosoms un-de-filed.

2. Ye who join our celebration,
Sweetest melodies employ;
Bow with us in adoration,
Filled with holy, heavenly joy.
Chorus.—As we lift, &c.

3. Teachers kind, whose care, unceasing,
All must honor and approve;
Thanks for labour still unceasing,
Heaven reward your works of love.
Chorus.—As we lift, &c.

4. Thanks to God for every blessing,
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From that hand incessant flows.—Chorus.—As we lift, &c.

DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS.

SECOND BELL.

113

DUETT *Soprano and Alto.*

1. Holy angels in their flight, Traverse over earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight, Winged with mercy as they fly,

p Semi-chorus of Girls.*f*

Don't you hear them? coming o-ver hill and plain, Scatt'ring mu-sic in their heav'nly train!



CHORUS.



Oh! don't you hear the angels coming, sing - ing as they come? Oh! bear me angels, angels bear me home.



2. Tho' their forms we cannot see,
They attend and guard our way:
Till we join their company
In the fields of heavenly day.
CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.

2. Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame.
Oh, how sweetly would we ring
Thro' the world the Saviour's name.
CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.

3. Yet methinks if I should die,
And become an angel too,
I, perhaps like them might fly,
And the Saviour's bidding do,
CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.

EVENING.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

1. A - bid with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

A-men.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bid with me.
 Change and de - cay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bid with me.
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord a - bid with me.

4.
 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5.
 Hold Thon Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

HIGHER THAN I.

115

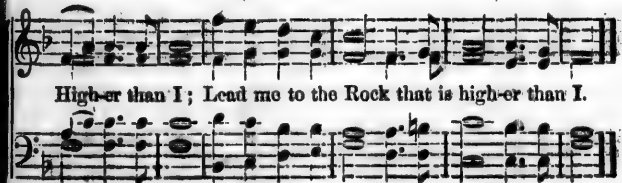


1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor-row and care; From the
 2. When Sa-tan, my foe, dares come in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good. I'll pray
 3. And while as a stranger I sojourn be-low, All thy covenant bless-ings, Lord, free-ly be-stow; In af-

A-men.



ends of the earth un-to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,
 to the Sa-viour who meek-ly did die, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,
 flic-tion's dark night to thy throne let me fly, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, High-er than I,



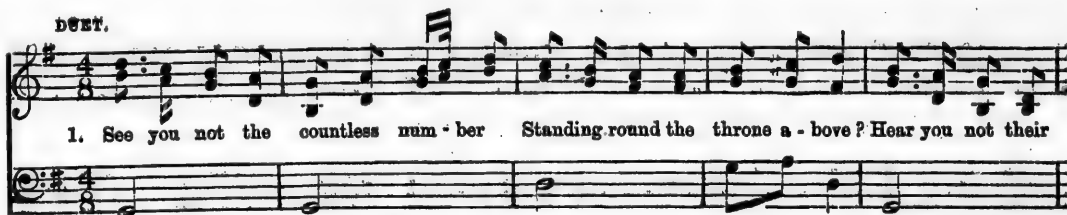
High-er than I; Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

- 4 When thou, Lord, shalt close my frail pilgrimage here,
 In the likeness of Jesus then let me appear;
 In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
 Looking to the Rock that is higher than I,
- 5 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,
 When the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise,
 With the ransomed I'll praise him above yonder sky,
 Fixed firm on the Rock that is higher than I.

THERE YET IS ROOM.

DAIDEN

DEET.

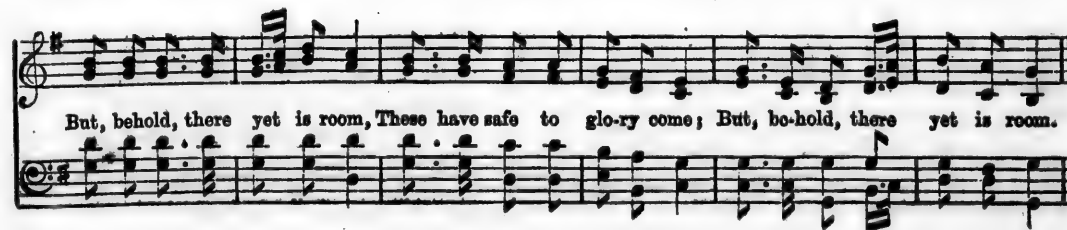


1. See you not the countless num - ber Standing round the throne a - bove? Hear you not their

CHORUS.



songs of won - der, As they chant re - deem - ing love? These have safe to glo - ry come;



But, behold, there yet is room, These have safe to glo-ry come; But, be-hold, there yet is room.



ot their



ry come;



is room.



2. Tell it in the homes of sorrow;
Tell it in the dens of woe;
Tell it to blaspheming scoffers;
Say to all where'er you go,
Chorus.—These have safe to glory come;
But in heav'n there yet is room,
These have safe to glory come;
But in heav'n there yet is room.

3. Tell it to the sons of India,
Sunk in degradation deep;
Publish it to Afric's people,
Christ for them doth mercy keep.

Chorus.—These have safe to glory come;
O return! there yet is room.
These have safe to glory come;
O return! there yet is room.

4. Tell it in the lanes and alleys;
Shout it to the gates of death;
Echo it, O hills and valleys,
Let it fill the world beneath:

Chorus.—Daily crowds to glory come;
Heaven's not full, there yet is room;
Daily crowds to glory come;
Heaven's not full, there yet is room.

OPENING HYMN.

8s & 7s

1. Lord a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee.
Thou art great and high and holy,
Oh! how solemn we should be!
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us,
He would grieve to look upon.

2. For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of their thoughts and actions too.
Let our sins be all forgiven.
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

A PILGRIM'S SONG.

S. M.

1. A few more years shall all,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those who rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
2. A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,—
A far serener clime.
3. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
4. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few tears,
And we shall meet no more.
5. A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
6. Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.



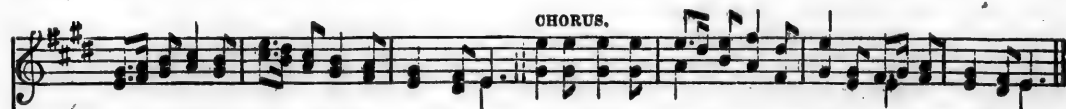
1. When of old sweet an-gel singing, Borne up-on the morning winds, To the ear of shepherds winging,



Fear and wonder fill'd their minds, Till they listen'd to the sto-ry, Then all doubt & trembling cease, Unto God a -



CHORUS.



bove be glo-ry, And to men on earth be peace. Un-to God a - bove be glory, And to men on earth be peace.





wining,



unto God a -



sh be peace.



2. Still the same sweet song is singing,
 If we only strive to hear;
 When the heart is upward winging,
 Then the angels do appear;
 When we listen to the story;
 All our fears and sorrows cease,
 Unto God above be glory,
 And to men on earth be peace.
Chorus.—Unto God above, &c.

3. Oh ye heavy hearts and weary,
 Earthly joys cannot suffice;
 Brightest prospects will grow dreary,
 Seek not here for Paradise:
 Tell to Christ your sad, sad story,
 He will all from sin release,
 Unto God above be glory,
 And to men on earth be peace.
Chorus.—Unto God above, &c.

GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH. 6s. & 4s.

1. Glory to God on high!
 Let earth and heaven reply,
 Praise ye His name.
 Angels His name adore
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Saints, sing for evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb!
2. Ye who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising His name;
 * Ye who have felt His blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb!

3. Join all the ransom'd race,
 Our God and Saviour bless,
 Praise ye His name:
 In Him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise;
 Shouting, with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb!

4. Soon must we change our place;
 Yet we will never cease
 Praising His name.
 Still will we tribute bring;
 Hail Him our gracious king;
 And through all ages sing,
 Worthy the Lamb!

GLORY TO THE LAMB. * S. M.

1. Awake and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of His dying love;
 Sing of His rising power;
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose sins He bore.
3. Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
4. Soon shall ye hear Him say,
 "Ye blessed children come."
 Soon will He call you hence away.
 And take his pilgrims home.

FRANKS, L.M. Double.



1. { A - wake our souls, a - way our fear Let ev' - ry trembling thought be gone ;
 A - wake and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer - ful courage on.
 D. C. But they for - get the might - y God, That feeds the strength of ev - ery saint:
 3. { The might - y God, whose matchless power Is ev - er new and ev - er young,
 And firm en - dures, while end - less years Their ev - er - las - ting cir - cles run,
 D. C. While such as trust their na - tive strength Shall melt a - way, and droop and die.
 D. C. On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire a - mid the heav'nly road.



2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn - y road And mor - tal spir - its tire and faint;
 4. For thee, the o - ver - flow - ing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup - ply,
 5. Swift as an ea - gle cuts the air We'll mount a - loft to thine a - bode;



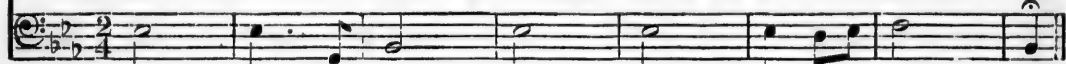
LAMBS OF THE SAVIOUR.

DIADEN.

121



1. Lambs of the Saviour, your Shepherd is calling, Oh! wan-der not far from the sound of his voice.



While the grace of his spi - rit a-round you is falling, Oh! fly to his arms that your souls may re - joice.



CHORUS.



Lambs of the Saviour, lest darkness o'er-take you, Oh! stray not a - way from the hea-ven-ly fold.



2. Out on the mountains of sin and of pleasure,
Temptations are lurking the young to ensnare;
Precious lambs of the Saviour, hold fast to your treasure,
And seek not for pastures more blooming and fair.
Lambs of the Saviour, &c.

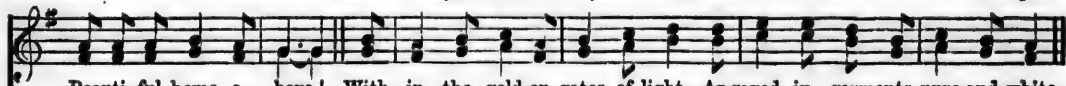
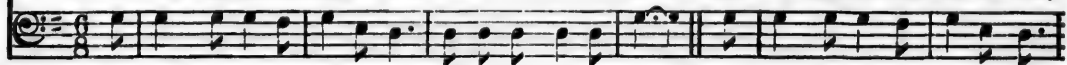
3. Jesus, your Shepherd, will lead you and guide you,
And never forsake you, sweet lambs of his care;
And whatever of sorrow or trials betide you,
His spirit will comfort, his love will be there.
Lambs of the Saviour, &c.

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

SINGING PILGRIM.



1. O, how my spir-it longs for thee, Beauti-ful home a - bove! Where I may rest from sor-row free,



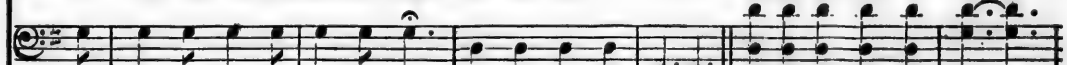
Beauti-ful home a - bove! With-in the gold-en gates of light, Ar-rayed in garments pure and white,



CHORUS.



I'll walk with an-gels fair and bright, In my home a - bove! Beauti-ful home a - bove,



Beauti-ful home a - bove—O, come and take me, Saviour come; I love my beauti-ful home.



2. To reach Thee safe I dally pray,
 Beautiful home above!
 And travel in the toilsome way,
 Beautiful home above!
 My weary feet are bruised and sore,
 But Jesus' feet were bruised before,
 To bring me to the open door
 Of my home above.
Chorus.—Beautiful home, &c.

3. Thy shining walls by faith I see,
 Beautiful home above!
 The mansions fair prepared for me,
 Beautiful home above!
 O let me keep my longing eyes,
 Intently fixed upon the prize,
 Till angels bear me to the skies,
 In my home above.
Chorus.—Beautiful home, &c.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED. C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wound supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
6. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save;
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

ROCK OF AGES.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Cleanse from guilt, and make me pure.
2. Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Leprous, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

COME, CROWN AND THRONE.

SINGING PILGRIM.

I. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all thy saints are crowned; These are the palms that

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground, On yon - der ho - ly ground, On

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff shows the vocal line with lyrics. The bass staff continues the harmonic support. The music is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

yon - der ho - ly ground; These are the palms that we shall bear, On yon - der ho - ly ground.

The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a final note on G4. The bass staff provides a final chord. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.



palms that



d, On



ground.



2. These are the robes, unsolled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.
3. That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert tents,
And quit this desert land.
4. Then welcome toil and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.
5. Come, crown and throne; come robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

THE NAME OF JESUS.

C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away His fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
3. Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
4. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

PRECIOUS JESUS.

7s. & 6s.

125

1. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty—
My heart is dead within.
I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very blind;
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With a dark and evil mind.
2. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need a Friend like Thee;
A Friend to soothe and comfort,
A friend to care for me!
3. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way.
I need Thee, precious Jesus!
To light the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory,
Where I shall see my God.
4. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne.
There with Thy blood-bought people
My joy shall ever be,
To praise Thee, precious Jesus!
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

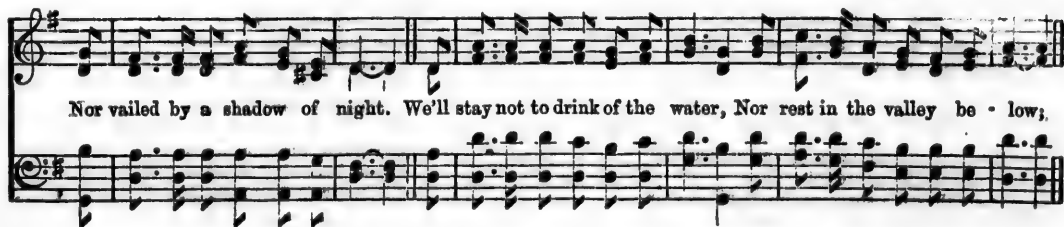
WE'LL JOURNEY TOGETHER TO ZION.

SINGING PILGRIM.



First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4-C5, and continues with various eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We'll journey to - ge - ther to Zi - on, That beautiful ci - ty of light; Whose sky is unclouded for - ever,



Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The melody continues from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Nor vailed by a shadow of night. We'll stay not to drink of the water, Nor rest in the valley be - low,



Third system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The word "CHORUS." is printed above the treble staff. The melody continues from the second system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.
But cheer'd by the cross and its banner, We'll sing and be glad as we go. We'll journey together to Zion,

WE'LL JOURNEY TOGETHER TO ZION.—continued.



The beautiful, beautiful, Zi-on; We'll journey to-gether to Zi-on, The beautiful ci-ty of God.

2. We'll journey together to Zion,
Where all who are faithful may share
A place in the mansion of glory
Where Christ has gone to prepare.
His flock He will feed like a shepherd,
And guard them by night and by day;
We'll talk of His goodness and mercy,
And talk of His love by the way.
Chorus—We'll journey, &c.

3. We'll journey together to Zion,
With raptures we soon shall behold
The saints who have reached it before us,
The prophets and martyrs of old.
We'll learn the new song of redemption,
Which only the ransomed can sing:
Ascribing all honour and glory
To Jesus our Saviour and King.
Chorus—We'll journey, &c.

HAPPY DAY.

1. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Chorus—Happy day, &c.
2. 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Chorus—Happy day, &c.
3. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Nor ever from the Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.
Chorus—Happy day, &c.
4. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death a bond so dear.
Chorus—Happy day, &c.

WE ARE GOING.

SECOND HELL.

1. We are go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, To a land where all is light, Where are flow-ing, flow-ing,

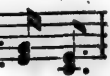
The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

flow-ing, Liv-ing wa-ters, pure and bright, Here we learn re-demption's sto-ry, Here we

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of a treble and a bass staff. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

seek our Saviour's grace; There we shall be-hold his glo-ry, Wor-ship-ing be-fore his face.

The third system of music is labeled 'CHORUS.' and continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of a treble and a bass staff. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.



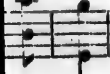
flow-ing,



Here we



his face.



2. We are singing, singing, singing,
As we joyful pass along:
Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing
Of our glad triumphant song
Happiness our hearts is swelling
As we ever upward tend,
And we cannot cease from telling
Of our precious, heavenly Friend.

3. We are praying, praying, praying
For the sinners all around,
Who are straying, straying, straying
In a misery profound,
We are longing to behold them
Tread with us the Heavenly road:
In our arms we would enfold them,
As we journey home to God.

4. Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,
Pace we on with prayer and song,
Hasten to the meeting, meeting
Of the blood-washed, ransomed throng.
Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,
Help us faithful still to prove;
Then at home with Thee forever,
May we gathered be above.

EVENING HYMN.

L. M.

1. Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.
2. Forgive me Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4. When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

5. Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymn with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE PRECIOUS BIBLE.

C. M.

1. How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

DIADEM.


1. I'll go to that beau-ti-ful land, Where the wea-ry are et-er at rest;

There join with the ce-les-tial band, And lean on the dear Sa-viour's breast.

CHORUS.

I'll go, I'll go, I'll go; I'll go to that beau-ti-ful land; I'll

go, I'll go, I'll go, I'll go, to that beau-ti-ful land.

- 
2. Life's dangers may compass me around,
And my faith may be put to the test;
I'll trust to the gospel's glad sound,
That guides even me to my rest.
 3. I hope my dear father 'll be there,
With my mother, and sister so dear,
My teacher, whose thrice tender care,
Hath taught me sin's dark path to fear.
 4. I hope that the day is at hand,
When the tempter's dominion will cease;
When Christ, o'er the sea and the land,
Shall reign in an unending peace.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

C. M.

1. Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth could hear.
2. Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
3. All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
5. I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless clasp Thee in my arms,
My joy in life and death.

FAITHFUL MERCIES.

7's. 151

1. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
2. Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
3. He with all commanding might
Filled the new made world with light;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
4. He the golden tressed sun
Caused all day his course to run;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
5. He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
6. He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
7. All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
8. Let us therefore warble forth,
His high majesty and worth;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

GENTLE WORDS.

DIADEM

1. Gen - tle words, how sweet they sound; Joy they give to all a - round, Words of

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

love, what peace they bring, Hap - pi - ness to ev - ery thing.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

CHORUS.

Gen - tle words, how sweet they sound; Joy they give to all a -

The chorus section of the music is shown in this system. It features the same two-staff format as the previous sections. The lyrics are written below the staves.



2. Gentle words will reach the heart,
 Balm, to sorrow they impart;
 Loving words are sweet to hear,
 Joining hearts to others dear.

Chorus—Gentle words will reach the heart,
 Joy they give to all around,
 Words of love what peace they bring,
 Happiness to every thing.

3. Gentle words then freely give,
 They will teach you how to live;
 They to you are freely given,
 Angels whisper them in Heaven.
Chorus—Gentle words then freely give, &c.

—♦—
 COME HOLY SPIRIT.

C. M.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers.
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

TEACHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

SECOND HELL

1. Teach-er, watch the lit-tle feet, Walking through the meadows fair, Wand'ring thro' the

DUET.

crowded street, Scarcely heard or noticed there. Ne-ver count the la-bor lost, Ne-ver heed the

CHORUS.

pains it cost, Lit-tle feet will go a-stray, Teacher, watch them while you may.

2. Teacher, watch the little hands,
 Busy, busy all the day,
 Making forts with straws and sands.
 Plucking roses by the way,
 Never deem the labour lost,
 Never heed the pains it cost,
 Little hands hereafter may
 Nations and their his'try sway.

3. Teacher, watch the little lips,
 Lisper sweet and pleasant words,
 Sometimes their soft utterance trips,
 Discord in the notes of birds.
 Never deem the labor lost,
 Never heed the pains it cost,
 Little lips "sometimes proclaim
 Blessings in a Saviour's name."

4. Teacher, watch the little heart,
 Pulsing here with hope and love,
 Truthful lessons here impart,
 Leading to our home above.
 Never deem the labor lost,
 Never heed the pains it cost,
 Little hearts hereafter may
 Control the children of to-day.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

D.C.M.

1. There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flow'rs;
 Death, like a narrow sead, divides
 That heavenly land from ours.

2. Sweet fields beyond that swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
 Yet tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross the narrow sea,
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

3. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise;
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unobscured eyes—
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er.
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore!

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

8's.

1. We sing of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair;
 And oft are its glories confess'd:
 But what will it be to be there!
2. We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care,
 From trials, without and within;
 But what must it be to be there!
3. We speak of its service of love,
 The robes which the glorified wear,
 The church of the first-born above;
 But what must it be to be there!
4. Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or weal,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
 And shortly we also shall know
 And feel what it is to be there.

DAY OF TRIUMPH.

DIADEM.

1. Morning breaks up - on the tomb, Je - sus scatters all its gloom: Day of triumph

thro' the skies! See the glorious Sa - viour rise! Christian! dry your flow - ing tears;

Chase those un - be - lieving fears; Look on his de - sert - ed grave; Doubt no more his

CHORUS.
power to save. Morn - ing breaks up - on the tomb, Je - sus scatters all its gloom.



triumph



ng tears;



more his



its gloom.



2. Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away:
See the place where Jesus lay!
Lo! the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
Lo! as burning beams of light,
Chase the terrors of the night.
Chorus.—Morning breaks, &c.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST. 8's & 4's.

1. One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave thee,
This day soothe, the next day grieve thee,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee,
Oh, how He loves!
2. Love this Friend who died to save thee,
Oh, how He loves!
Dost thou love! He will not leave thee
Oh, how He loves!
Think no more, then, of to-morrow,
Take His easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!
3. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward shall thy foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory He will guide thee,
Oh, how He loves!

THY WILL BE DONE.

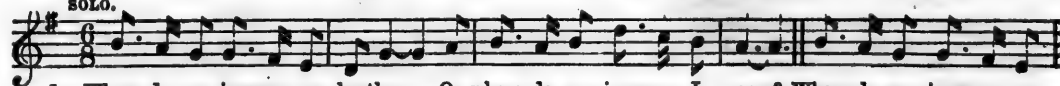
8884.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"
2. If Thou should'st call me to reign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was thine;—
"Thy will be done!"
3. E'en if again I ne'er should see
The Friend more than my life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee;—
"Thy will be done!"
4. Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"
5. If but my fainting heart be bless'd
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;—
"Thy will be done!"
6. Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say—
"Thy will be done!"
7. Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

WHERE DO YOU JOURNEY, MY BROTHER ?

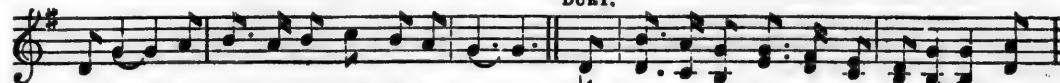
SINGING PILGRIM.

SOLO.



1. Where do you journey, my brother, O, where do you journey, I pray ? Where do you journey, my

DUET.



sis - ter ? For stormy and dark is the way ? We're jour-neying on-ward to Ca-naan, Through



suff'ring and trial and care, And when we get safe-ly to glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there ?

CHORUS.



O say shall we meet you all there ? O say, shall we meet you all there ?



And when we get safe - ly to glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there ?



2. What is your mission, my brother,
What is your mission below?
What is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
Our mercy is practicing mercy,
Sweet charity, patience, and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus,
That leads to the mansions above.
- Chorus*—O say, shall we meet, &c.

3. O yes! you will meet us, my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin;
Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavour to win.
We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through snif'rings and trials and care.
And when you get safely to glory,
You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!
- Chorus*—O say, shall we meet, &c.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS. 7's.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing;
Glory to the new born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
2. Veiled in flesh the God-head see;
Hail the incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
4. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace;
Hail the Sun of Righteousness;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

4. Lo! He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.
5. Sing we then, with angels sing:
Glory to the new-born King!
Glory to the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

EBENEZER

8's & 7's

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.
2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I come;
And I hope, through Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
And to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
3. Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it—
Seal it from Thy courts above.

SHALL WE MEET NO MORE TO PART P

DIADEN

1. Shall we meet no more to part, When the dream of life is o'er, Shall we

min - gle as of old, With the lov'd ones gone be - fore, In that land of per - fect

love, Sighs there not one aching heart, Can not death disturb our bliss, Shall we

SHALL WE MEET NO MORE TO PART?—continued.

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CHORUS.



2. Shall we meet no more to part
 When we get beyond the tide?
 Every blossom that we mourned
 As it vanished from our side,
 Every young and tender bud
 Stricken down by death's cold dart,
 Shall we clasp them in our arms
 Shall we meet no more to part?
 CHO. Shall we meet no more to part,
 Shall we clasp them in our arms,
 Shall we meet no more to part?

3. Shall we meet no more to part
 With our blessed Saviour there,
 With the saints and angels too,
 In that world so bright and fair?
 Shall we dare to love them all
 With an overflowing heart?
 Will they never leave our side,
 Shall we meet no more to part?
 CHO. Shall we meet no more to part,
 Will they never leave us more,
 Shall we meet no more to part?

CROSS AND CROWN.

SINGING PILGRIM.

Unison.

1. While pil - grims on our jour - ney here, We oft may faint and wea - ry be } And
 But soon our long - ing, wait - ing eyes, The ci - ty that we seek shall see. }

Refrain.

mansions bright are wait - ing where We all shall rest when we get there; When we get there, when

Ritard.

we get there, We all shall rest when we get there, We all shall rest when we get there.



} And



here, when



get there.



2. A desert wide before us lies,
But when its barren sands are passed,
Beyond the Jordan we shall see
The Canaan that we love, at last.
Its fields of fadeless green, its flowers,
If faithful, shall at last be ours;
When we get there, when we get there,
How sweet our rest when we get there.
8. Here we must bear the cross, and in
The path our Master trod pursue,
And 'mid reproach and shame still keep
His bright example in our view.
When we get there we shall lay down
The cross and wear a glorious crown;
When we get there, when we get there,
How bright our crown when we get there.

PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

S. M.

1. Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
2. He form'd the depths unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
8. Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own;
He form'd us by His word.
4. To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

ASHAMED OF JESUS.

L. M.

1. Jesus and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
2. Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
May midnight blush to think of noon.
8. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere His name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And, O may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!


DISMISSION.

8's & 7's.


1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

OUR SAVIOUR'S COMMAND.


SINGING PILGRIM.



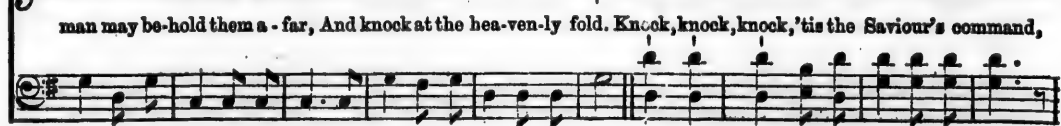

1. O'er the portals of mer-cy these words are inscribed, And written in letters of gold; The way-far-ing



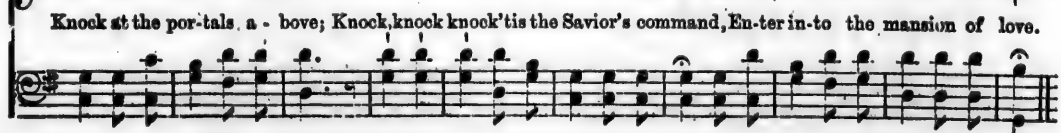
CHORUS.



man may be-hold them a - far, And knock at the hea-ven-ly fold. Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,

Knock at the por-tals, a - bove; Knock, knock knock 'tis the Savior's command, En-ter in-to the mansion of love.

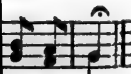




the way-faring



's command,



tion of love.



2. O, ye weary, draw nigh, 'tis the place of repose;
Ye footsore your journeyings cease;
Ye toil-worn with labour, new vigour put on,
And knock at the portals of peace.

(Chorus.—Knock, knock, knock, &c.

3. All ye mourners, believing, in confidence come;
Ye desolate, haste to look up;
Ye troubled in heart be resigned to His word,
And knock at the portals of hope.

Chorus.—Knock, knock, knock, &c.

4. And ye sinners, O come! there's a place for you,
Prepared by the Builder above;
Approach with your burdens, in meekness submit,
And knock at the portals of love.

Chorus.—Knock, knock, knock, &c.

5. They're all waiting within, and the feast is
prepared,
What folly to tarry and wait!
Let every one come in obedient haste,
And knock at the heavenly gate.

Chorus.—Knock, knock, knock, &c.

A SONG OF GLADNESS. S. M.

1. Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasure less.

3. Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4. The God who rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

5. This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

A SONG OF GLADNESS —PART 2. S.M.

1. There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

2. Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

SINGING PILGRIM.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. We've list - ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal life, e.

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS

ter - nal joy, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll

work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano line (bass clef). The first system is marked 'SOLO.' and 'CHORUS.' and contains the lyrics '1. We've list - ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal life, e.' The second system is marked 'CHORUS.' and 'FULL CHORUS' and contains the lyrics 'ter - nal joy, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll'. The third system continues the chorus with the lyrics 'work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.' The music is in 6/8 time and the key signature has one flat (B-flat).

nal life, e-

omes, We'll

at home.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.—continued.

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CODA for the last verse;



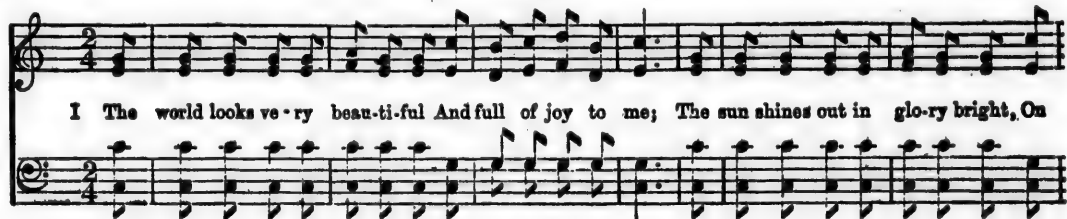
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Pre - pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

2. Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll work, &c.
3. We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favour of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll work, &c.
4. And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll work, &c.
5. Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!
We'll work, &c.

WORTHY THE LAMB!

6s. & 4s.

1. Come, all ye saints of God!
Wide thro' the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame!
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ our heavenly King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
3. Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name:
There, too, shall we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the Heav'n's resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"



I The world looks ve-ry beau-ti-ful And full of joy to me; The sun shines out in glo-ry bright, On

The first system of the musical score for 'Follow Jesus'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'I The world looks ve-ry beau-ti-ful And full of joy to me; The sun shines out in glo-ry bright, On'.



ev'-ry thing I see. I know I shall be hap-py, While in the world I stay, For I will fol-low

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'ev'-ry thing I see. I know I shall be hap-py, While in the world I stay, For I will fol-low'.



Je-sus; For I will fol-low Je-sus, Yes, I will follow Je-sus, Follow Je-sus all the way.

The third and final system of the musical score. The melody concludes in the treble staff, and the bass staff concludes with the accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Je-sus; For I will fol-low Je-sus, Yes, I will follow Je-sus, Follow Je-sus all the way.'



2. I'm but a little pilgrim here,
My journey's just begun;
They tell me I shall sorrow meet,
Before my journey's done.
The world is full of sorrow
And suffering, they say—
But I will follow Jesus,
But I will follow Jesus,
Yes, I will follow Jesus—
Follow Jesus all the way.
3. Then on my little pilgrimage,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy and sorrow—all,
And lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I'll follow Jesus,
With joy I'll follow Jesus,
Yes, I will follow Jesus—
Follow Jesus all the way.
4. Then trials cannot weigh me down,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus' side,
Grief cannot come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
Yes, I will follow Jesus—
Follow Jesus all the way.

SABBATH.

7's

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1. Soon will set the Sabbath sun,
Soon the sacred day be done;
But an endless rest remains
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
2. Sweet our evening praises rise,
To our Maker in the skies;
But a music sweeter far
Breathes where angel spirits are.
3. Happy they on earth who read
Of a Saviour crucified;
Happier they who see him now,
And before his glory bow.
4. Who that endless rest shall gain,
Who shall sing that glorious strain?
They who here the Saviour own,
They shall worship round His throne.

ABIDE WITH US.

S.M.

1. Saviour, abide with us,
The day is now far gone;
We would obtain a blessing thus,
By coming to Thy throne.
2. Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

SECOND BELL.



1. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where saints and an-gels sing;



A world where peace and pleasure reign, And heaven-ly prais-es ring.

CHORUS. TO EACH VERSE.



We'll be there, be there; Oh! yes, we'll be there. Palms of vic-to-ry, crown of glo-ry,



We all shall wear; We shall wear glo-ri-ous crowns In that beau-ti-ful world on high.





sing;



ring.



a of glo-ry,



n high.



2. There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes;
A world where tears shall never fall,
In sighing for our home.
Chorus—We'll be there, be there, &c.

3. There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,
And darkness never enters there—
That home is fair and bright.
Chorus—We'll be there, be there, &c.

4. There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love;
Oh! may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above!
Chorus—We'll be there, be there, &c.

YOUR MISSION.

1. If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

2. If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3. If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot t'ward the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a pure disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet

4. If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reaper leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

5. If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true—
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;"
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

6. Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
That is great the Master gives you—
Do the work He calls you to.
Go and toil in Jesus' vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare;
If you want for Christ to labour,
Lo! the field is every where.

THE MORNING STAR.

SINGING PILGRIM.

1. Soldier of Christ, why thus cast down? Why drops thy nerveless hand? Have faith and hope and courage gone? Fear'st

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

thou the a - lien band? Take heart, 'twill not be al - ways night: Thro' riv - en clouds a - far Gleams

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

down in rays of diamond light, The bright and morning star, The bright and morning star.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff concludes the melody with a quarter note A5, a quarter note B-flat5, and a quarter note C6. The bass staff concludes the accompaniment.

gone? Fear'st

Gleams

ing star.

2. Seek not the ground in weak despair,
Nor break 'neath suff'ring's rod;
The fight thou wagest is the care
Of the all-loving God.
Joy comes through sorrow; death brings life;
Peace rides on battle's car;
And beams, on darkest night of strife,
The bright and morning star.

3. Press on the foe! God rules the years,
Wrong shall not triumph long;
Expectant Faith already hears
Truth's glad, victorious song.
The nations soon shall own their King,
The wise from near and far,
Once more to Him their offerings bring—
The bright and morning star!

4. Then fear not, Christian, for the right!
Nor falter 'mid the fray;
For truth is victor: error's night
Flies from the coming day.
Thine eye, through dust and tears, may see
On heaven's broad scroll afar,
The promise sure: "I'll give to thee
The bright and morning star!"

GOD'S WORD OUR GUIDE. C.M.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guards us all the day;
And, through the danger of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3. Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

4. Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
Thy holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE. 7's

1. Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

2. Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart!
Thou art pitiful and kind!
Let me have Thy loving mind!

3. Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek Thine own;
Thou Thyself didst never please;
God was all Thy happiness.

4. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart!

5. I shall then shew forth Thy praise;
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child in me.

LIFT UP, LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE GATES.

With Spirit

1. Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates, ye ev - er - last - ing doors; A roy - al com - pa -

FINE

ny a-waits To tread your gol - den floors. "And who is he that bids un - fold, The

FINE

For Chorus, D.C.

por-tals of the sky, And lift the ev - er - last - ing doors, For such a com - pa - ny?"

Chorus, D.C.

2. The Lord, the Lord, the conq'ring King!
 Bright crowns his pathway pave;
 Both death and hell have yielded up
 Their captives from the grave.
 Lift up, lift up your heads, ye gates;
 Ye doors be lifted high;
 The King of Glory shall come in,
 With all His company.

Chorus—The Lord, the Lord, the conq'ring King!
 With all his glorious train;
 He comes, and he shall enter in,
 For evermore to reign.

3. "Who is this King of Glory—who,
 That would come in to reign?"
 The Lord, the Lord, the mighty God,
 With His attending train.
 All flowing like a robe of light,
 The raiment white they wear,
 In graceful folds across the breast,
 Clasp'd with the morning star.

Chorus—The Lord, the Lord, &c.

5. This glorious throng, alike the Lamb,
 "A name," and the white stone,
 Of hidden manna they shall eat,
 And with him share the throne.
 Clouds of sweet incense round them float,
 And music fills the air;
 With harps and songs and palms they come,
 And crowns of life they wear.

Chorus—The Lord, the Lord, &c.

1. As flows the rapid river,
 With channel broad and free,
 Its waters rippling ever,
 And hastening to the sea;
 So life is onward flowing,
 And days of offered peace;
 And man is swiftly going
 Where calls of mercy cease.
2. As moon's are ever waning;
 As hastes the sun away;
 As stormy winds complaining,
 Bring on the wintry day;
 So fast the night comes o'er us—
 The darkness of the grave;
 And death is just before us—
 God takes the life he gave.
3. Say, hath the heart its treasure
 Laid up in worlds above?
 And is it all thy pleasure
 Thy God to praise and love?
 Beware, lest death's dark river
 Its billows o'er thee roll,
 And thou lament for ever
 The ruin of thy soul.

DOXOLOGY.

L.M.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PISGAH.

1. { Once was heard the song of child - ren By the Sa - viour, when on earth;
 { Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem - ple, Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth:

And ho - san - nas, And ho - san - nas, Loud to Da - vid's Son break forth.

2. Palms of victory strewn around Him,
 Garments spread beneath His feet,
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
 In fair Salem's crowded street,
 While hosannas,
 From the lips of children greet.

3. God o'er all, in heaven reigning,
 We this day thy glory sing,
 Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
 We would loftier tribute bring,
 Glad hosannas,
 To our Prophet, Priest, and King,

4. Oh, though humble is our offering,
 Lord accept our grateful lays,
 These from children once proceeding,
 Thou didst deem them, "perfect praise,"
 Now hosannas,
 Saviour Lord, to thee, we raise.

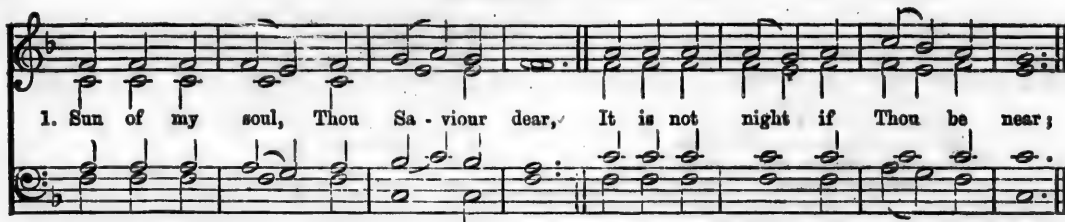
THE GOD OF ABRAHAM. 6 6 8 4.

1. The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM !
By earth and heaven confessed :
We bow and own the sacred name,
For ever blessed.
2. The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise and seek the joys
At His right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power ;
And Him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.
3. The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness,
To see His face.
He is our faithful friend ;
He is our gracious God ;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
4. He by Himself hath sworn,
We on His oath depend,
We shall, on eagle-wing upborne,
To heaven ascend :
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

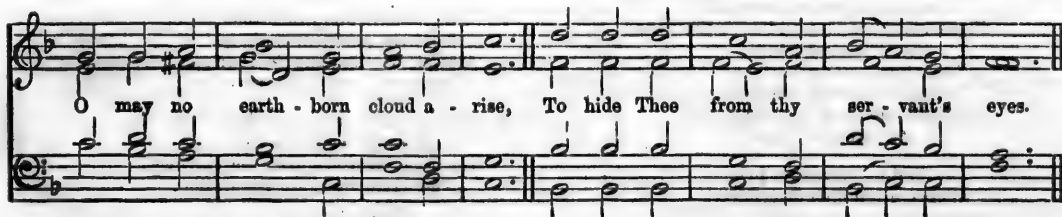
5. The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high :
Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost !
They ever cry.
Hail Abraham's God and ours !
We join the heavenly lays,
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise.

THE GRACE OF GOD. C.M.

1. Let us adore the grace that seeks
To draw our hearts above ;
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
And every word is love.
2. Though, filled with awe before his throne,
Each angel veils his face,
He takes poor children for His own,
And saves them by His grace.
3. "Come forth," He says, "no more pursue
The path that leads to death :
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be saved by faith.
4. "My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through my atoning blood :
And you shall claim and find in me
A Saviour and a God."
5. Lord, speak these words to every heart,
By Thine almighty voice ;
Early from sin may we depart,
And make Thy love our choice.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near ;



O may no earth - born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4. If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

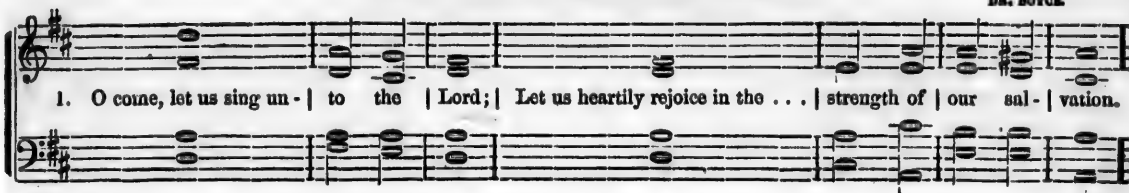
5. Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

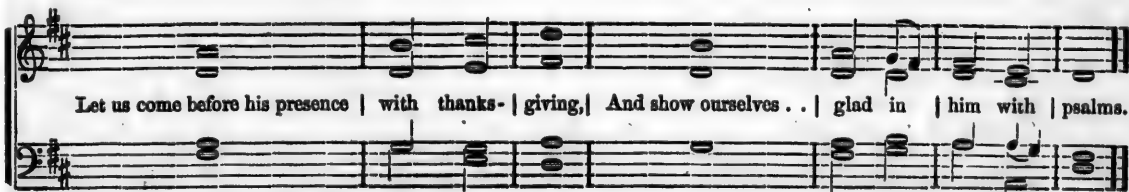
CHANT. O COME, LET US SING.

DR. BOTCH

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1. O come, let us sing un - | to the | Lord; | Let us heartily rejoice in the . . . | strength of | our sal - | vation.



Let us come before his presence | with thanks - | giving, | And show ourselves . . | glad in | him with | psalms.

- 2 For the Lord is a | great - | God;
And a great | King a - |bove all | gods.
In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;
And the strength of the | hills is | his - | also.
- 3 The sea is his, | and he | made it;
And his hands pre - | pared - the | dry . . | land.
O come, let us worship | and fall | down,
And kneel be - | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 4 For he is the | Lord our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of |
his - | hand

O worship the Lord in the | beauty . . of | holiness;
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

- 5 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth;
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people |
with his | truth.
- 6 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be,
World | without | end. A - | men.

NOT TO CONDEMN THE WORLD.

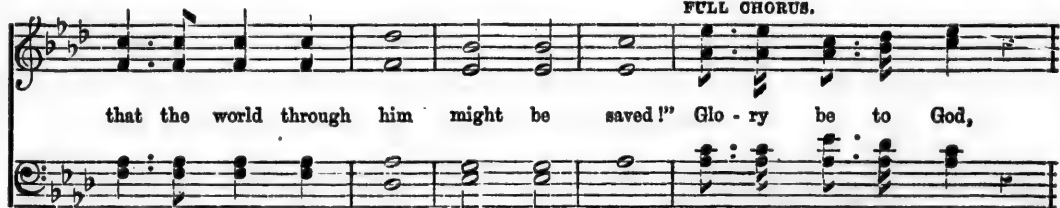
SCRIPTURE SENTENCE, OR SHORT ANTHEM. John. iii. 17.

CHORUS OR SEMICHORUS.



“For God sent not his Son in-to the world to con-demn the world, But

FULL CHORUS.



that the world through him might be saved!” Glo-ry be to God,



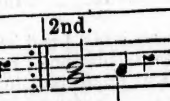
Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God in the high-est, high-est,



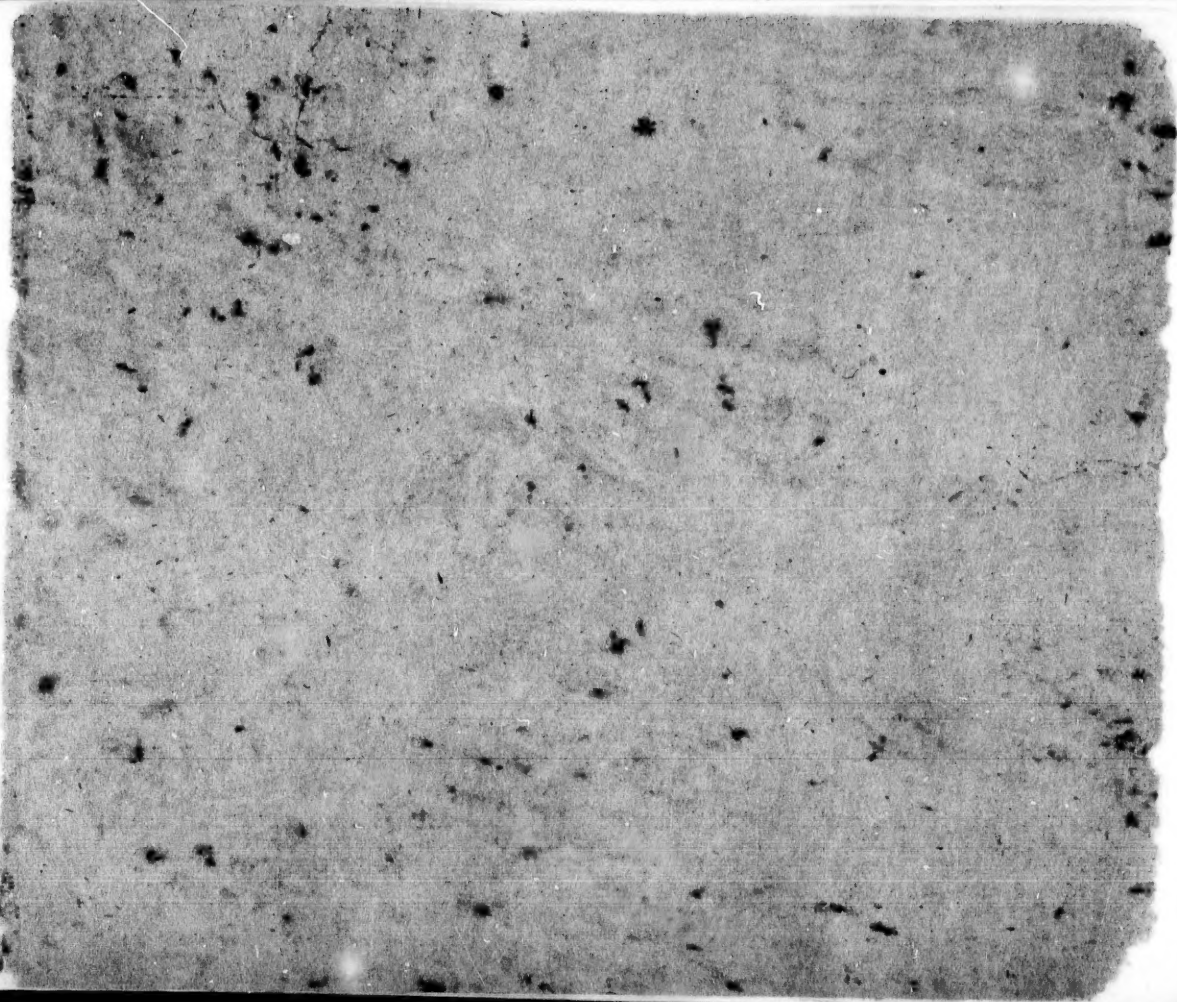
the world, But



God,



high - est,



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